THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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ON THE BEACH.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

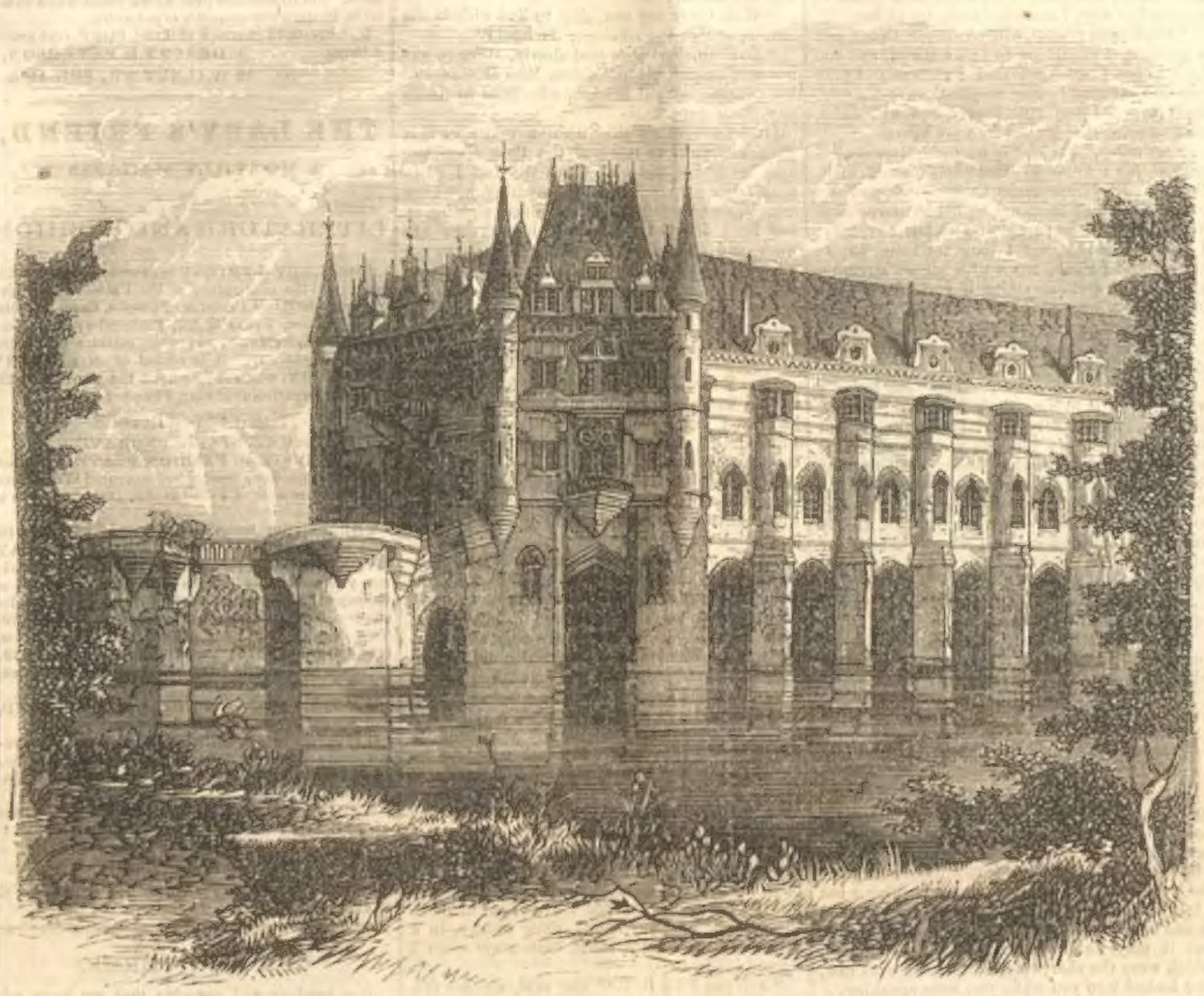
BY CHARLES MORRIS.

By thy side, by thy side, I stand,
O sad, complaining sea!
The night broods over thee
And over the sullen land;
I only see the glimmer—
Growing dimmer, growing dimmer—
Of white-capped billows breaking far from land;
Only the lurid glow
Of surf dashed into snow
On the pitiless white bosom of the strand.

With a ceaseless wash and roar
Break thy billows on the shore,
Evermore, evermore;
With a weird and wondrous glamour,
With a mighty rush and clamor,
Beating like a Cyclop's hammer,
Hurled in tumult and disorder
On a desolate, wild border,
A desert, bleak, interminable border.

Deathly cold and bleached lips
That have kissed the sides of ships
O'er mid ocean floating half asleep,—
Ah tell! Ah tell!
What disaster terrible,
What woful fate befell
Those white-winged wanderers of the restless deep
That sailed and never came again to land!
Ye make me no reply,
Ye only moan and cry!
With inarticulate pain,
With horrible disdain,
Still laughing, groaning, dashed in ruin on the sand!

I reach my hands to thee,
Old Ocean, unto thee,
In woe and deep distress,
Unto thee merciless!
Thou laughest at my tears,
Laughest at hopes and fears,
Proud drunkard on the years!
Centuries in thy breast
Lie at rest, at rest,
But thou mayest never rest.



Chateau of Chenonceaux, Touraine, France, Formerly Inhabited by Catherine de Medicis and Mary Stuart.

The Chateau of Chenonceaux is situated in Touraine, about eighteen miles south-east of the city of Tours, and five miles distant from Amboise. It is built on a solid stone foundation of nine arches across the River Cher, which flows through the domain; and the grand entrance is approached by an ornamental bridge, which replaces the portcullis and drawbridge of ancient times. This mansion is considered one of the most perfect and beautiful specimens now extant of the old French chateau, as regards both its external architecture and internal decoration. It is not only replete with much historical interest—having belonged to Francis I., Diana de Poitiers, Catherine de Medicis, and Mary Stuart—but much of the interior remains in the same state as when occupied by its Royal possessors. The unfortunate Queen of Scots passed her youthful widowhood here, and in her boudoir the chair in which she sat, as well as the furniture of her oratory, retains the funereal emblems affixed at her death—the white crosses on a black ground—which are displayed in the chapel also. In the comfortable-looking banqueting-hall, of finely-carved old oak, in the splendid dancing-saloon, and in the armory, are many curious and interesting objects. The woods, the park, the pleasure-grounds, are very fine. The avenue from the chateau to the park entrance is about one-third of a mile, or half a mile, in length.

The Haunted House of Arleigh.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

CHAPTER I.

AT THE FORTUNE TELLER'S.

It is difficult in the recollections of an active imaginative mind to separate Fancy and Memory, so that in trying to recall my past life I am at a loss to decide how much I remember and how much I have dreamed out of the tangled web of obscurity that surrounded my early days. Looking steadily back, I seem to see green fields and hedges, long winding lanes with piles of new-made hay on either hand, and the scent of hawthorn and honey-suckle in the evening wind. I lie at night where I can look up and see the stars above my head, and wander all day among woodland scenes that seem familiar to me yet, but with people of whom I can in no wise recall a single trace or feature. Not a voice, not a figure, not a word that was spoken to me, nor an eye that met mine, can I recover from the darkness; but a strange light makes vivid the scenes where I wandered, and I know that I must have lived for years journeying from place to place, and living always under the open sky. Meg Mather—the picture narrows at her name; the trees fade out, the flowers are gone, and the fields contrast with a dull, dingy house with closed shutters, and a close, airless smell, that is brought back to me sometimes in passing a chemist's shop, and must have been the faint odor of drugs and herbs. Meg Mather, the first being I can remember as having a claim or interest in me, was a tall woman dressed in black, with black hair and heavy features—a strange creature, strange even to me who knew no other. Silent, forbidding and grotesque in dress and manner, she became a mystery to me as soon as I began to think at all, and I learned to creep quietly about, doing the little tasks assigned me, watching, thinking and wondering busily all the while. We lived in a narrow back street in the Surrey side of London, in the neighborhood of some warehouses down by the water. All day long through the closed blinds that made us live in twilight came the hum and hurry of business, the rattle of drays, the rolling of casks and bales, but with the sunset all was still, and then the griffin's head on the door awoke the hollow echoes in the passage, and visitors in cloaks and veils called for Meg Mather, as those who sought her waited for night to cover their errand, for she was a fortuneteller and diviner. Whether it was her ghostly figure, her deep solemn voice, or the mysterious way in which she lived that drew so many to consult her, I cannot tell, but night after night brought the veiled figures, that glided up one after the other to the dimly lighted first floor, where Meg sat—her black figure looming like a dreadful spectre out of the gloom. For years I had peeped in without ever crossing the threshold of this apartment. There was a woman—Hepsy by name, who lived with Meg, and told me what to do and how to do it; she put this room to rights, and after setting my tasks, went abroad every day. At nightfall she returned, prepared Meg's supper, carried it to her, and then returned and sat with me. Like her mistress, Hepsy scarcely ever spoke, and I never knew why she went out daily, or what she talked with Meg about long after I had gone up to my cot in the garret, and hearing them, I would steal out on the landing to listen. It was such a dull, lonely desolate life, that I kept wondering all the while, starting at every sound and expecting I knew not what. Of the world beyond my garret window I had no knowledge then; standing on tip-toe I could catch glimpses of the tall storehouses that shut out the river and the view beyond; nearer there were garret windows like my own, at which I could see a stray lodger or two very early in the morning, and sometimes their shadows reflected by candle light late at night, when I would rise and watch them flitting across the scanty curtains with a sense of life around me while the light shone, and a dreary desolateness stealing over me when it was extinguished. I had never seen a book, and had only the little I could see to think about, yet I thought continually. I knew no fairy tales, but Meg seemed to me an old magician in a mystic cave, and struggling between terror and curiosity I would glance into the room when Hepsy left the door ajar, and feel a terrible attraction to the stuffed serpents and whitened skulls that surrounded her. We had lived together thus, how long I cannot tell, when one night Hepsy came down to where I sat waiting for her by the kitchen fire. She laid her lamp upon the table and then stood looking down at me.

"Here is supper, Hepsy," I said, dragging my chair towards the table. She made a motion with her hand as if refusing it, but did not move. I looked up and started back in astonishment; I had thought Hepsy an old woman, with strange, withered lines drawn all over her face; they were gone now, so was a tawny hue that had darkened her whole complexion. A black silk handkerchief was wound round her head, till now I had never seen her without this, and a woolen hood that she wore in all weathers. She had neither as I looked at her; nothing but a mass of auburn hair hanging round the whitest face I ever saw, with no trace of Hepsy in it but her eyes and voice. "Hepsy," I cried, "what's the matter! How did you get to look so! You're pretty now; but oh, it's so queer to see you."

At first she smiled, then she laughed outright, not a pleasant laugh at all, but a sort of half scream.

"Ha, ha," she said, "you didn't know me; how should you. I have deceived them who should know better than you. But my work's over now, and I've washed myself up, you see." She looked at the fire again, and became lost it seemed in the steady gaze with which she watched the coals glow till they burst and fell into cinders. I sat awhile too busy thinking to remember my supper. At last I said,

"Hepsy, won't you have your tea?" I spoke twice, then she roused herself and turned towards me.

"No," she said, "my work's over and I'm tired; I shall go to bed."

She took from her pocket a little bottle—found a cup in the cupboard and went to the kettle that was standing on the hob. I rose to help her; she started, pushed me back, and said,

"No, no, I must mix this drink myself; don't touch it."

A strange pungent smell filled the room as she poured the contents of the bottle into the cup. The turned her face from me as she spoke, and drank it off.

"Now," she said, "good-night." She took up the lamp again and went out of the door and up stairs, as silently in the fair face and beautiful hair that had so astonished me, as in the withered mask she had worn so long. I had so much to turn over in my mind after this that I had no time for supper. There were few knocks to answer, or visitors to usher in that night; and I soon crept up to my garret. It was moonlight: a cold white lake of it rippled on the bare floor beneath my window; and hailing it with delight, for it was a dear friend to me in my loneliness, I drew my cot over beside it, and lay down to watch it ebb and flow as the curtain stirred in the wind.

"It is pure and beautiful, always take delight in things like this," whispered a voice beside me.

It was Hepsy's; she was kneeling by my bed and pointing towards the wavering light. No one ever entered my room at night, so I was almost too frightened to recognize her, and would have screamed aloud, but her hand on my mouth stopped me.

"I want to speak a word or two, and you must listen and remember them, poor little Barbara."

She spoke so kindly and yet so mournfully that a strange choking sensation I knew nothing about before, came into my throat. I put out my hand to touch her. She shrunk back from me, I think, but without altering her voice went on.

"Ten years ago a very wicked person did me a dreadful injury. It was before you were born, I think, little Barbara—they have been ten long years to me. You have no friends; I had once, but this wicked person took them away—even my name—every one has a name, you know, little Barbara, but I have none; he stole it too. So you know that to have no home, no friends, no place, no name, is to be very wretched—so wretched that the coldest black water that runs seems friendly, the sharpest knife is kind, and the bitterest cup is sweet to turn to. But when one has work to do it is cowardly to sleep or die. I had work—I had to catch this terrible thief. A long time to wait—ten years—your whole life, but he's caught at last, and the work is over." Something was the matter with her throat; she gasped and struggled in speaking, and her voice was dry and husky. "You must go away, little Barbara, and I have brought you a small present for you to go with—secretly, remember—or Meg Mathers will have you brought back. I stayed here because of the work I told you of; you, thank God, have none to do, and it's not the place for you. Promise me you'll go away and learn to read somewhere."

"I didn't know I could get away, but—"I would not like to leave you, Hepsy, you're so kind," I stammered, overcome at the sudden thought of change.

"Promise me you'll go—promise me you'll keep your name, little Barbara, promise me that."

"No one can take it," I answered, "at least I shouldn't know if they did, how could I tell?"

"When a kind voice says to you, 'Barbara,' and truthful eyes look into your's the while, then if you can answer frankly and steadily, cheerfully return the look—you have nothing to fear; your name's your own. But when you must never hear it again without a shudder and a blush of shame and dare not claim it openly, not even to be marked upon your grave, then it is lost to you—gone for ever as mine is. Little Barbara look at the moonlight! Of all the friends I ever know or loved, it will be the only one to find my grave, when I lie there, because, you see, I have no name to mark it with." She murmured this over and over again, and then somehow seemed to pass away out of the light into the shadows, and I fell asleep.

CHAPTER II.

HEPSY'S DEATH.

I had made the kitchen fire the next morning, and watching the boiling kettle, was anxiously awaiting the appearance of Hepsy. It was getting late, and I listened tremblingly for the sound of Meg Mather's bell, but neither that nor Hepsy's footstep broke the stillness of the lonely room. I had laid the tray in order and done all Hepsy ever allowed me to do. Having nothing else to fill the time with, I sat down on a little bench that stood by the fire place to wait quietly, with my chin in my hands and my elbows resting on my knees, my mind was off in one of the intricate fields of speculation, about nothing in particular, that so often occupied me, when I heard Meg's voice, and looking up saw her standing in the door-way, her hand on either post, and her black dress and great falling sleeves giving her the appearance of a bat with outstretched wings.

"Are ye deaf," she asked, "or sleeping? Come up stairs, will ye?"

I obeyed quickly; and when we reached the front passage, she put a slip of paper in my hand.

"Run to the chemist's at the corner," she said.

"And give him this?" I asked.

"Yes—and be speedy," she answered.

There was something in her face—I could scarcely tell what—that made me use all the haste I could. It was more in the color of her skin, that had changed to a livid sort of hue, than in any sign of fear or surprise in her features; but whatever it was, it seemed to call for despatch, and in a few moments I was back again in the house with the chemist at my heels, who, on reading the shred of paper I gave him, seized his hat and hurried after me.

"Come up," said Meg. She stood where I had left her in the hall, near the door, and I noticed the change I had seen in her face deepen and become still more ghastly. "You too," she added, motioning to me, for I had turned to go down into the kitchen again.

We followed her up to the second landing, where a door led into a small back room. It was open, and nearly empty—a clothes-press at one side, a low bed at the other; that was all—all but a figure on it, that to look upon took away my breath, and made my heart stone-cold. It was Hepsy, dressed in grave-clothes, but horribly unlike the peaceful, quiet figure to which they should belong. Death seemed to have fallen upon her suddenly, like a petrifying power, and turned her into stone in the height of her torture. One hand held the mattrass with a grasp of agony, and the other was clenched in the pillow on which her head lay; her body had writhed itself partly on the floor, her head bent over, and her face hidden in the masses of her hair.

"Dead!" cried the chemist in a startled voice.

"Dead!" echoed Meg Mather. "Yes—dead enough, it seems. How she died you know as much as if she told you; because here's a bottle, you see, and you could tell what it had in it. There'll be an inquest, you know."

"Yes, and she knew it too, poor creature. See, this press is empty. Look! only a shroud—and look at the hearth!"

I looked too. There was a pile of tinder that caught the air, and went circling round the room with it, and sometimes flew lightly up the chimney. The one garment upon her was all she had left; every shred or patch else was burnt—nothing of it but the motes that flew up around us as we stirred the floor.

"No trace here," said the chemist; "she has taken care of that, poor thing."

"What was her name?"

"She had lost her name," said I. "A man had stolen it from her, and that was her great trouble."

"Aye, aye—I have thought so," said he. "Just so, just so."

He shook his head, while Meg Mather looked at me with something like wonder in her great glassy eyes.

"What can you know of that?" she said sternly. "Go down to your kitchen."

I did as I was bidden; but though I left the room, I took its white figure with me, and kept it beside me, never to be separated from it, I felt for a long time, until I had joined it in that sleep that had sealed it in the midst of its agony—looking down at me from the little windows high up in the kitchen wall. I could see it sitting on the other side of the hearth from me, or coming in at the door when I glanced up suddenly; but never as the old disguised figure I had known for years, but always the Hepsy of that night when she had spoken to me of her great loss—or the Hepsy in the long white gown she had chosen for her last.

The next day, just before sunset, they took her away—where, I never knew—she said no one but the moonlight should—and Meg and I were left alone together, and for a while no one came near the house, and the snakes and the skulls were the only sharers of the dark chamber. By and by the knocks began to sound through the hall again, and everything was just as it used to be. But Hepsy had no successor. I did as she had done, all but arranging Meg's room—that she did for herself, and I carried what she called for to the threshold of the door. There was something terrible in the stillness of the house. I had been used to it always, but

had never felt it so before. The shadows in the kitchen seemed to gather threateningly in the corners, and the candle-light would not spread at all, I thought, but only made a little circle of light, and let them creep up and almost come upon me as I sat trembling and staring round me. Sometimes in terror at a sound that I could not explain, I would seize the light and fly up the stairs, and crouch there on the landing, to be nearer to human beings. There was a water-pipe that leaked a little; I never heard it all day, but at nightfall it would begin to drop, drop, drop, and I would listen till it seemed to utter words as it fell—Go! Go! Go! As I sat thus, the sudden booming of the griffin's head would make me start and scream; and sometimes I thought myself going mad with all the wild fancies that thronged my startled brain. I can't tell why I never thought of Hepsy's words, or the promise I had given her, until the dripping water-pipe brought it back to me with a shudder of terror, lest it might be her voice warning me—"Go! Go! Go!"

That night I found the little package she had given me; it was under my bed, between that and the sacking of my cot, and I took the paper off and looked at it. There were three pieces of gold—two guineas and a half sovereign; and on the white paper that covered them was some writing, but I could not read it. My disposition was not a very common one I believe; perhaps it was because I had never known friends or training of any kind; but though I was naturally timid I had no idea of doubt or indecision. I had promised Hepsy to go, and I would go. I had never thought of it before; it seemed an impossibility until I had determined on it; now it seemed a necessity from which there was no turning back. Where or how should I go? It was moonlight again; it had been moonlight many times since Hepsy stood upon the margin of the flood that now came pouring in my open window.

"It must be in the night time that I take my flight," thought I, "or Meg Mather will find me." I shuddered at the thought of her anger. She was neither harsh nor cruel, yet I felt she could be both. "It must be in the night time; why not now? I will go to-night, I will go to-night," I repeated this to-myself, and stood up in my new resolution. "Leave Meg Mather!" For a moment I shrank from it as a mean, unworthy act; but the next Hepsy's words, my own determination, the gloom and desolation of the life before me, all nerved me, and I caught up my shawl, put the only other frock I had over the one I wore, and hid my parcel in my bosom. In a moment my hand was on the lock of the street door, I had turned it so often it was an easy task to turn it now, and then I stood in the street, that seemed as light, yes, lighter than day to me, and I fled away in the direction I knew least of, as if I had wings upon my feet.

CHAPTER III.

LITTLE RACHEL.

More misty and dream-like than any part of my life in the far past seemed that night, as I look back upon it; and my hurrying through wide and narrow streets, over a bridge, where my footsteps startled ghostly shadows from the arches, into other streets again, and so out into a broad road, seems like the wandering and journeying we sometimes do in sleep. When I began to feel myself near the open country, I slackened my pace and looked around me. I had not felt weary or overcome with the exertion I had made before, but now it became insupportable. I was in the neighborhood of a few straggling rows of cottages, that clustered round some large, irregular buildings—it must have been the Whitechapel road, and these the alms-houses. I had no idea of the locality then; but feeling sure there was a long way between me and Meg Mather I lost the energy that had sustained me, and trembled with weakness and fatigue. The moon was going down, so I knew it would soon be morning. I looked around me, and then crept into the doorway of the cottage nearest at hand, and tried to rest without sleeping, for I feared the daylight would find me there, and perhaps bring me into trouble. I was too tired to keep awake; my eyes closed in spite of every effort I could make to keep them open, and I slept my night's travel over again.

I had been stopped once or twice in the outset by policemen. I knew something of them, for they had been Meg Mather's great dread; but after a question or two they had allowed me to pass on.

In my troubled dreams, as I lay coiled up in the misty, foggy morning that succeeded the bright moonlight night, I seemed caught, convicted of heaven knows what unheard of crimes, and dragged back to the enraged Meg, to be punished by her with merciless torture. I felt the pitiless grip of her hard hand upon my shoulder, and tried to shriek out for mercy. In the effort I opened my eyes. It was day—dim, cold, sunless, but still morning. The shutters of the cottage at whose door I sat were opened, and one of them had struck me upon the shoulder on being thrown back. Voices were talking within, and judging by the sounds breakfast was being prepared. As I listened, a hearty, good humored laugh came to my ears; the words I could not understand, but they seemed kind and cheerful.

"I am going to ask help and advice from some one," I thought; why not try here?" I knocked that instant, being, as I have said, strangely impulsive in all my feelings, and having a peculiar trust in whatever presented itself on the moment. This reliance did not prevent my shrinking back tremblingly, when a little deformed creature, with a woman's face and a body that in height belonged to a child, in distortion to something unearthly, opened the door almost as quickly as I withdrew my hand.

"What is it," asked the voice belonging to this strange creature.

It was the voice I had heard laughing—a clear, full, beautiful voice—an expression of all that was tender, kind or gentle—an indemnification for the mistake of nature—an assertion of humanity that could not be twisted or misshapen.

"Oh, if you please," I said, for I had not thought for an instant what I should say, "if you please may I come in and rest?"

"Why, surely," said the woman's voice, her face smiling and becoming lovely as it did so; "may she not, aunt?" She's a tired little girl."

At her invitation I came into the little parlor, and an old woman with a tea-kettle in her hand, stopped in the act of pouring out hot water into a tea-pot to look at me.

"If we be going to keep open house for tramps," said this old lady, as she fixed me with her eye, "she may do to begin wi'."

"Why, aunt," said the other kindly, deprecating her allusion to my appearance, "this is a good little girl, I'm sure, and could easily tell us where she's going and where she came from; yes, and why she's tired too, while she rests herself; couldn't you, dear?"

"I don't seek to know," said the old woman impatiently, stopping me as I began to speak; "if you be tired, sit you down, and here's a dish of tea."

"Come, come now, Rachael, if you're going by the early 'bus, you must be stirring."

Rachael smiled at me reassuringly, as I sat on the edge of my chair, holding the cup the old lady had thrust on me with more kindness than ceremony, and then obeyed her aunt's injunction by applying herself heartily to the breakfast. I sipped my tea timidly and watched the little creature, her aunt called Rachael, eagerly.

"As soon as I finish this toast, aunt, I'm going to start," said she. "I'll go down the road a little where the crossing isn't so bad, and wait for the 'bus there, for if I'm late I shall have my girls turning things topsy-turvy, and I can't leave home in a hurry again." I drained my cup off hastily and gave it back to the old lady with timid thanks for the kindness she had shown me, and curtseyed myself out on the porch. Then in the shelter of some out-houses I awaited the appearance of Rachael. She came in a minute or two, waving her hand, and smiling back at the cottage window, where her aunt stood, and when I saw her turn round to pursue her way, I came suddenly up to her.

"Oh, if you please, will you listen to me just a moment. I am trying to find a friend, and you look so good and kind that I entreat and pray you to hear me?" She stopped, turned round, and regarded me still kindly, but with quiet, serious eyes, that looked into my heart.

"My name," I said, "is Barbara, Barbara." I paused, for I knew no other name to add to it. Hepsy's desolation came back to me, and my loneliness struck upon me, as it had never done before. "I have no parents, no friends, no family; I never had any, but I long for them, oh, so much; and I would work with all my strength, and be good and everything if I could only live in a house where there were people."

The omnibus came in sight; Rachael raised her hand in an irresolute way; I pressed to her side.

"I have ten dollars," I said; "see here; a woman gave it to me; she's dead now; I could have lived in the dreary old house always, but once she spoke so kind to me and called me poor little Barbara"—the choking and swelling came back into my throat at the words—"she died that night, just when I began to love her so, and ever since I have longed with all my heart and soul for some one who would let me work for them night and day, and only just speak to me in return."

The omnibus came up, Rachael shook her head at it, and turned to me.

"Where was all this?" she said, "where did you live? Come, you must tell me about it, while we walk on slowly together?"

CHAPTER IV.

HAPPINESS.

Rachael Ballot was a milliner, living in the spacious first floor of a house in the neighborhood of Finsbury Square. Thither I went with her, after she had listened to my scanty story. I have thought since, with more knowledge of the world to guide me, that her accepting what I told her without doubt or demur, was strange in one so keen and shrewd as she was naturally; but it may be that she trusted to her eyes, which were the sharpest questioners I ever saw, and looked into you while you were speaking.

"There is a good deal that you can do for me, and something, may-be, that I can do for you," she said this that morning when we arrived at her house, and stood in her tasteful, pretty rooms, amid cases of bonnets and frames covered with mantillas, dresses, &c.

"I need an apt little girl, and if you are good, as I know you will be," she laughed and tapped me on the cheek good naturedly, "why, little Barbara won't be poor little Barbara any more."

She was so short that she had to look up at me as she spoke, but there was so much simple dignity, as well as good nature in her face, that her stature was forgotten when you looked at her, and without knowing what terrible misfortune had so shrunk and changed her body, I felt sure she could not have been born so, for her nature belonged to a full grown form. This then became my happy home. At first she dressed me neatly, displacing my tattered old garments in favor of new, suitable clothing; then I learned to dust and arrange the rooms, sew a little, and after I had been striving for nearly a year to forget that I had ever known any other than my happy girlish existence with dear Rachael Ballot, she sent me to school, giving me her own name "to keep in trust," as she said, "for Barbara Ballot must do nothing wrong, little sister." At these words she seemed more to me than all the substantial good she had given me, my heart overflowed. Her sister—I loved her with the strength and fervor of my whole nature already, and yet from that moment she assumed a new relation to me. I felt I had a new right in her that was secured to me forever. Our being born strangers, and meeting only by a happy chance was lost entirely in the one idea that I was not alone on earth; that I was Rachael Ballot's little sister Barbara. After I began to go to school, I lost sight of Rachael's business, for study was such up-hill work at first, that conquering it absorbed my whole time. Almost every Sunday, we went for part of the day to old Mrs. Corbin's, on the White Chapel Road, where I had first seen Rachael, and every time I looked from the cottage window out on the doorway where I had crouched and fallen asleep that foggy morning, all that I had known and endured in the past, became more and more indistinct and unreal, and I began to persuade myself that I must always have been Barbara Ballot, who had once had a long confused dream about a lonely, nameless little creature who had lived with Meg Mather, the fortune-teller. There is nothing else to tell about my life that is in any way connected with the story I have set out to write, except it be this: One evening, just after I had given up going to school, and begun to be instructed in millinery by Rachael, we were sitting together after work hours were over, though Rachael was still busy laying some crape folds for a mourning dress she was making, when I burst out with this question:

"Who is that pale lady who came here to-day? I never saw her before, but I have had her before my eyes ever since. What a strange face she has."

"She used to be very lovely once," said Rachael softly, and she sighed as she said it. "Her name is Miss Arleigh; she is a great lady, and I used to live with her long ago."

"Why, Rachael, when was that?" I asked, my eyes wide with wonder, for it seemed impossible to me that she should ever have had any other existence, even in infancy, save as the little milliner of Finsbury Square.

"It was years on years ago," she answered, still sighing, "when I was scarcely older than you are now."

She raised her eyes to my face as she spoke and started.

"That's it!" she cried, you are like them; you have an Arleigh face, child; from the first moment I saw you, till now, it has troubled me, like a dream I couldn't remember; now I see it plain; you have an Arleigh face truly."

"An Arleigh face!" I said, "what is an Arleigh face, one without color, like that white ghostly lady, who was here to-day?"

"No, no," she said, "it is something in your eyes, and its gone now, while I look at you, I cannot tell what it was, but it's gone now entirely."

We were silent awhile, then I said—

"When you lived with Miss Arleigh, Rachael, did you keep milliners working, as you do now?"

Rachel laughed.

"Why, Barbara," she said, "what are you thinking of. Miss Arleigh is a great lady, and I was her maid."

"Was there any one else to live with in the family, or was she all alone, Rachael?"

"No!" Rachael answered slowly. "There was her mother and her half-sister, Miss Hester, and her cousin, Colonel Arleigh, who lives in India now."

Rachael said all this with an effort, as if it gave her pain to think of the time when she had been familiar with them all, and I questioned her no more, but sat watching her busy fingers, and wondering at her stifled sighing, as her head drooped lower and lower over her work, and she turned her back upon me to get a better light upon her needle.

CHAPTER V.

SICKNESS AND A MARRIAGE.

Dear Rachael, so cheerful and happy in her nature, was a sad invalid in health, and after I had been helping her a few years, she grew so weak and ill, that to attend to her business became burdensome.

"I think, Barbara," she said at last, "I shall sell out my place and customers, and go and live with Aunt Corbin, and do what little we can do in a quiet way there."

So we made the great change from a busy bustling life to the cottage on White Chapel Road; and for a while, say a month or two, she continued as weak as ever, and I determined, with Mrs. Corbin, that sea air only would restore her. Many a long conference we had together, (the old lady who had first taken me for a tramp, and I,) and at last, the conclusion was, that I should get a place as lady's maid, seamstress, or whatever I might, and that thus relieved of her care for me, Rachael might be induced to think of herself, and take the luxury of a sea-side visit. I advertised myself as a respectable young woman of some education, and handy at all sorts of needle-work.

A week passed; and one day while Aunt Corbin had gone with Rachael to the city to see the physican we had persuaded her to consult, a knock at the door startled me, as I sat alone in the cottage parlor. A tall, dark woman, in a veil and large mantle, stood before me when I opened it.

"Are you Miss B. B.?" she said, without further salutation.

I answered,

"Yes, ma'am," and trembled with responsibility and anticipation.

After a moment or two, the woman said quite abruptly—

"Have you any relations?"

She had been looking at me, I knew, although my eyes were cast on the carpet, and I felt uncomfortable under her scrutiny.

"Only an aunt and sister," I replied, without mention of the adopted tie that made them so. They were so good and true to me that I had forgotten they were ever strangers.

"I am sent by a lady whose health is delicate; she wants a young woman of genteel manners, to be generally useful to her. If I thought you would suit, and you were willing, I was to engage you."

I was glad that this was not the lady herself; for anxious as I was to gain a position for Rachael's sake, there was something in this woman's face and manner that I shrank from, with a perturbation that I could not understand myself.

"The lady will see me, I suppose," I ventured to say.

"I was to engage you, if I thought you suitable; but you can see the lady to-morrow, for she wishes you to come at once."

A few questions and it was settled between us. I had made up my mind to believe that my new mistress was everything that was lovely; and for the rest, a feeling of exquisite delight at being able to convince Rachael that she need deprive herself of nothing for my sake, who had secured a fair compensation and a good home, where I could see her every week, made me forget the forbidding face that negotiated with me. I held the card of direction in my hand (the woman in the veil had left me) when Rachael and her aunt returned.

"Dear Rachael you must go to the sea-side now and get well, for I have got a situation with a good lady, who will be kind to me till you come back strong—and then we'll work together again."

"Why, Barbara, my little girl, what are you talking about," cried Rachael, in astonishment.

"See, here it is," I answered, "Tottenham Road, just beyond Tottenham Cross, on the way to Edmonton." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A commercial house in Birmingham, which is concerned in the manufacture of idol images for China and India, recommends its wares to its customers in the East as follows:—"Yamen, the god of the dead, in fine copper, embossed and very tastefully wrought. Rirondi, the prince of demons, splendidly designed; the giant on which he rides is of a perfect model, and his sword is of a modern pattern. Varoni, the god of the sun—a brilliant piece of art; his crocodile is of copper and has a silver tail. Bourberen, the god of wealth; this god is of superior workmanship—the manufacturers have expended upon it their best skill. Also, other small demi-gods and inferior divinities, a very large assortment. Credit will not be given, but a discount made for cash payments."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT'ER 24, 1864.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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☞ The matter in THE POST will always be different from that in THE LADY'S FRIEND.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

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TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well-known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *eighteen years*—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine completely, where it is so desired—and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2.50; Two copies, $4; Four copies, $8; Eight copies, (and one *gratis*,) $16; Twenty, (and one *gratis*,) $35. One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE POST, $4.

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☞ Editors inserting the above will be entitled to an exchange.

OUR NEW TERMS.

Our readers will perceive that we have advanced the price of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND to $2,50 a year, with lower rates to clubs.

This advance is not proportionate to the advance in the cost of getting up our paper and magazine, and therefore we hope we shall have a cheerful acquiescence in our new terms on the part of our readers.

If we thought the present high prices of paper, ink, living, &c., would continue for another year, we should scarcely feel justified in putting our new rates at so low a figure; but we think that in the course of the next six months we shall witness at least a partial decline of prices.

Of course in the event of things turning out differently from our expectation, and prices tending to a higher instead of a lower range, we shall be compelled to advance our rates still further. For our readers may be assured that we are doing the very best for them that circumstances will admit, and even better, we fear, than our present high expenses will justify.

THE ELECTION.

The country already begins to boil and bubble with the fierce excitement of a Presidential campaign. And, as a literary paper, we may be allowed to recommend to all men, whatever be their politics, moderation in speech, and a resolute maintenance of their good temper in the strife of words and votes. Nothing is gained by angry epithets—the object is to convince your political opponents, not to harden them in their wrong opinions. Many men, and even speech-makers, do more injury to the cause they have at heart than its very foes. Instead of making converts they make enemies.

Among the candidates to be voted for in Pennsylvania, are those who aspire to seats in the State Legislature. Many of those who are in nomination, are members of the present Legislature, and have a record which does little honor to themselves or to the State. The question therefore now arises in many districts—and especially in Philadelphia—shall these men go back with the indorsement that a re-election would give them?

Probably many persons do not know the extent to which corruption has been carried in the Legislature of Pennsylvania. We infer that the masses of the people cannot know it, from the fact that so many of these men have been renominated. The people at large cannot know that it is almost impossible to procure the passage of the most unexceptionable private bill, without a resort to a general system of bribery. This is the universal testimony that comes to us from those who have knowledge of the facts.

In truth it has come to that pass, that men seek positions in the Assembly of this state, not to legislate for the good of the state and of their fellow-citizens, but simply to fill their pockets. Even during the last three years of war, and of menaced and attempted invasion, note how alive the members have been to their own pecuniary interests, and how dead to all feelings of state pride and even state safety.

Pennsylvania has been made a scoff and a reproach among her sister states—and to her incompetent and corrupt legislators she owes the shame.

And yet these men, belonging to both political parties, come before their fellow-citizens with unblushing cheeks, and ask to be re-elected.

Cannot the great body of our citizens for once put aside party ties, and say, whoever may be chosen, these men, who have been weighed in the balance, and found wanting, shall not be?

The next legislature has no United States Senator to elect, no militia bill to pass. The vote for Congress, for County officers, and for President, will show the political opinion of each county and district—cannot we for once try to get at least an honest legislature? Even if we do nothing more, can we not leave at home the old members who have disgraced us,—who have become perfect in all the arts and appliances of corruption—who have established a "ring," meaner than the prize-fighter's, as the pick-pocket is meaner than the pugilist—and inscribe upon our political annals a warning to be remembered, at least for a few short years?

If, when the election is over, and the returns come in, these men shall be found to run so far behind their respective tickets as, in many cases, to be defeated, and in all to be humbled, the controllers of the party nominations will perceive that there is a point beyond which the patience of the people will not go. And the result will be to give us better nominations, for all the offices, next year.

But if it is seen that the party traces hold men so tightly that they will not bolt, whatever be the provocation, then the control of the parties will pass more and more into the hands of mere bessians and plunderers, until a large portion of the honest material of every party will once more give up the whole game of politics in disgust, as a thing too vile for any decent man to have a hand in.

Therefore, as a mere "choice of evils," and as a measure to "save your party," vote not for bad men. Depend upon it, it is more for the interest of your party, in the long run, that its poor candidates be defeated, than that they be elected. Such defeats compel the nomination of better men, and thereby keep up the moral tone of a party and of its principles. It wins you, besides, the respect of your opponents and of all impartial and patriotic citizens. It may be a bitter dose for the time, but it is a dose that strengthens alike your party's physical and moral constitution. And to a majority party especially, such lessons are absolutely necessary; and work, for obvious reasons, even very little temporary harm. While, failing these sharp reproofs from honest voters, such ruling parties, attracting to themselves, as they necessarily do, a host of the fortune hunters of politics, become yearly more and more corrupt, until they perish of mere inward rot and putridity.

On the Death of an Infant.

She died—we laid her in her shroud and strewed
fresh flowerets there,—
Meet emblems of a flower so late more fragrant
and more fair;—
This soothed our woes!—we looked again on our
departed one,
And wept afresh—and strove, in vain, to say,
"Thy will be done!"

But hush—who would not tread the path which
thou, sweet babe, hast trod,
To reach the home where thou art now—the
bosom of thy God?
Who would not bear what we have borne, to
whom, like us, 'twas given
A while to love a spotless child—then give a
saint to Heaven? THOMAS DALE.

☞ Those who have tried it find that coal oil not only keeps off the curculio but kills fruit trees around the roots of which it is applied.

☞ LATEST FROM "LE FOLLET."—The sweetest thing in bonnets:—The ladies' faces.

☞ A NEW SONGSTRESS.—A Signora Garibaldi, niece of the Liberator (says the Reader), is about to make her first appearance before English audiences as a singer.

☞ ANOTHER DEATH FROM THE STING OF A WASP.—A little boy, named Poole, residing with his parents at Upton, St. Leonard's, was last week stung between the fingers by a wasp. His mother adopted the usual home remedies, but he remained ill during the night, and died the next morning, having previously to being stung enjoyed excellent health. The best application to allay the pain and irritation arising from a sting of such insects is potass or common soda, mixed with a little oil. Sal volatile is also a useful application. The jury in the case of the boy Poole returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

☞ Gen. Sherman is described by a chaplain as "a man who has a gaunt look about him—as if he got hungry when a boy and never got over it. A nervous man, never quiet, pulling his whiskers, or buttoning his coat, or twisting a string, or rubbing a finger—never quiet, but with a kind of look in his face that reminds one of a panther, if he gets angry, fiery, keen, powerful—and a genius."

☞ It is stated to be a rule of law in the far western territories that "a town is a place where whiskey is sold." By means of this rule the courts distinguish real towns from those which exist only on the paper plans of land speculators.

☞ FORTY YEARS.—Forty years seemed a long and weary pilgrimage to tread. It now seems but a step. And yet along the way are broken shrines where a thousand hopes have wasted into ashes; footprints sacred under the drifting dust; green mounds whose grass is fresh with the watering of tears; shadows even, which we would not forget. We will garner the sunshine of those years, and with chastened steps and reasonable hopes, push on toward the evening whose signal lights will be seen swinging where the waters are still and storms never beat.

☞ A maiden lady, whose age is not a proper subject for discussion, warns young men that the stamp tax on matches is to be enforced on and after the first of September, and that it would be a saving of money to finish up engagements before that date.

☞ There is no authorized version of the Bible in the French language. Every minister, every individual is at liberty to choose that which suits him best; and the consequence is that the number of different translations is very considerable.

A New Life.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 16th, 1864.

Dear Editor:—This day a week ago the Doctor bade us farewell, and left Brookville for his home. We missed him in our drives and walks—in our evening entertainments his chair was vacant, and his voice did not mingle with ours in the music that generally closed the day at the squire's.

I spent Saturday and Sunday with this interesting family, and on Monday, the carriage being sent for me, I exchanged adieus with my friends, and set out for my new home, not without a feeling of home-sickness. I found I was beginning to tire of that mode of life, and a longing for my own room, and my own fireside, crept over me. I felt that I was tired of the world and would like to shrink from it and nestle down in some quiet retreat with my own thoughts for company.

I determined I would make but a short stay at my new home, and then return to my ladyship.

The carriage rolled on through a country of remarked beauty, but I forgot to notice it, and it was not until we entered the grounds belonging to my new employer that my admiration was awakened. We passed through a long lane, whose bounds were marked by a thick, even hedge; then turned from that to a winding road through a grove of stately trees until we came to the open porch of a cheerful-looking, old-fashioned country-seat.

I was welcomed by a middle-aged lady, who, I learned, was the aunt of my employer. I also was made acquainted with the fact that he was a single man, not many years my senior.

His aunt made her home with him and superintended his household affairs, but being an invalid for several months it was thought best to procure a companion and assistant for her.

I did not see the gentleman that evening, and feeling fatigued retired early.

I arose with the sun, and descending to the garden enjoyed a stroll before breakfast; after which the aunt told me that my employer had gone out that day and would not return until late, but had left instructions that I was to rest and amuse myself during the day. I wandered over the ground, and tried to lose my home-sickness among the trees and pleasant walks, but it seemed to increase with every step.

Having no family, and consequently no home but such as boarding-houses can afford, I felt like throwing myself upon the ground in despair, and clasping mother earth as a bosom friend. I resolved to return to my city home and old acquaintances, and only awaited an audience with my employer before putting my resolution in practice.

I went to my room without seeing him, but received a message early in the morning, that I should meet him at my earliest opportunity in his office.

I repaired there, but instead of seeing him, found a letter directed to me. I waited some minutes for his entrance, and at last concluded to open the letter to pass away the time.

I found it to be from my old friend the Doctor, and was bewildered to find an avowal of his love for me. I had read but part, when I was interrupted by approaching footsteps. I arose to meet the gentleman of the house. He entered. My cheeks crimsoned as I stood face to face with the scribe of the letter.

He proffered me a seat, and then proceeded to explain matters. He had answered my advertisement, wishing such a person as was offered there, but receiving no answer, his aunt had made a visit to her sister in order to procure a niece to fill the situation, and in the meantime the Doctor sojourned in Brookville, and found that the subject of the advertisement was an inmate of the same house with him. He learned to feel a warm interest in her, and in a short time resolved to win her for his wife, as well as "pleasant companion." On receiving his letter, he immediately engaged her, intending to seek an interview with her before his departure, disclose himself as her employer, and offer her a different position in his house, but was pained to perceive that she avoided him.

He left feeling disappointed, and annoyed at the surprise in waiting for the object of his regard.

Respecting her feelings he absented himself from the house upon her arrival. When requested to give a reason for my coldness, I told him of my eavesdropping, and of hearing him speak of his hope that he might be made a happy husband before many months, upon which he informed me that such was a fact, that his happiness was based upon having Gerty Massy for his wife, and he hoped to win her; but, to make a long story short, I consented to become his adored helpmate and take him for better or for worse, and returned to my city home to prepare for my approaching nuptials.

And now, Mr. Editor, as I am standing on the threshold of what is generally supposed to be terrestrial bliss, I will close my correspondence with you, leaving you my well wishes, and if you are an unmarried gentleman, pardon my giving you a few words of advice.

If you wish a good wife, do as I did, go seek your health in the country. If I did not find my health wholly recruited, I found a physician who will render me his attendance free of charge, and that is something these hard times.

Adieu, G. M.

☞ A distinguished Republican Senator, writing to a friend, says:—"If you contemplate reforms, confine them within the narrowest limits, say your own street, if a short one. I have a great horror of moral reformers, especially those who embrace some great subject, such as negroes, Indians, or heathens generally. The man who confines himself to his own street is to me a benefactor."

☞ A player, performing the ghost of Hamlet very badly, was hissed; after bearing it a good while he put the audience in good humor by stepping forward and saying:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I am extremely sorry that my humble endeavors to please are unsuccessful; but if you are not satisfied I must give up the ghost."

☞ A schoolmaster, who was as fond of his grog, as of the globes, was asked the difference between gravity and gravitation:—"When I've drank five glasses of grog," replied the pedagogue, "my gravity vanishes and my gravitation begins to operate."

☞ REFINING SUGAR.—The process of purifying or bleaching by water passed through a layer of clay is said to have been discovered accidentally—a hen having walked over a cooler full of sugar, and left the mud from her feet behind, upon removing which it was found that the sugar beneath was of a much lighter color.

CROPS OF NORTHERN AND WESTERN STATES.

Below we present a synopsis of the crop reports of nearly all the Northern and Western states. The tables have been carefully compiled by the best agricultural authorities in the localities stated, and can be thoroughly relied upon for general accuracy.

These reports have been obtained from the various sections of the country by the agency of the Associated Press, and nearly all of them were carefully transmitted to New York, free of expense to the press, over the wires of the American, the Western Union, and the People's Telegraph Companies. It will be found to possess great value to all interested in the general farming products of our country:—

MAINE.

The returns from this state embrace the counties of Androscoggin, Aroostook, Cumberland, Kennebec, Lincoln, Penobscot, Somerset, Waldo, York and Cumberland.

Wheat, about one-third less, good. Corn, one-fourth less, fair. Oats, one-fourth less, good. Rye, three-fourths less, poor. Potatoes, one-third less, fair. Barley, one-half less, average quality. Small crop of apples and poor quality.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The six counties reported:—Wheat, one-fourth less, and good. Oats, one-fifth less, and good. Rye, above average in quantity and quality. Potatoes, one-third less, good. Barley, one-third less, fair. Hay, one-fifth less, and superior. Apples, one-fourth less, and fair.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Seven counties reported. Wheat, one-third less, good. Corn, one-third less, fair. Oats, one-half less, fair. Rye, one-half less, fair. Potatoes, one-third less, good. Barley, average and good. Hay, one-fourth less and superior. Apples, one-half less, poor.

CONNECTICUT.

The reports from this state at large represents the crops as about the average of last year.

VERMONT.

The report embraces ten counties. Wheat, one-third less, good. Corn, one-fourth less and good. Oats, one-fourth less, average quality. Rye, average and good. Potatoes, equal and good. Barley, one-half less, good. Hay, one-fourth less, extra. Apples, equal and fair quality.

RHODE ISLAND.

From all the towns of the county of Providence the yield is an average of one-eighth less; quality fair.

NEW YORK STATE.

Twenty-seven counties. Wheat, average yield, good quality. Corn, one-fourth less, good. Oats, one-half less and fair. Rye, average, and fair quality. Potatoes, one-third less and fair. Barley, one-third less and average. Hay, one-third less and good. Apples, full crop and good.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Sixty-five counties reported. Wheat, one-fourth less, good quality. Corn, one-third less, good. Oats, average quality, and, so far as reported, good quality. Rye, average and good. Potatoes, one-third less and good. Barley, report imperfect, but, so far as known, an increase over last year; of good quality. Hay, one-third less and good. Apples, of fair quality, but nearly one-half less yield.

FROM WEST VIRGINIA.

The reports are meagre. But four counties show an average crop in quality and quantity.

IOWA.

Reports from seventeen counties. Wheat, one-eighth more, superior quality. Corn, one-half more and good. Oats, one-third more and good. Rye, usual crop; good to extra. Potatoes, an average crop, fair to good. Barley, an average crop, and good. Hay, one-fourth more, good quality. Apples, report imperfect.

INDIANA.

Seventeen counties. Wheat, one-fourth more, and good. Corn, one-third less, good. Oats, one-half less, middling. Rye, one-half less, fair. Potatoes, half crop, and poor. Barley, one-third less, and poor. Hay, one-half less, and rather poor. Apples, one-half less, and poor.

KENTUCKY.

From Kentucky the state at large shows an average crop in quantity and quality. In Southern Kentucky the crop is short, owing to civil disturbances; but along the Ohio the crop will be more than last year. Dealers estimate the whole crop of the state from one-quarter to one-half of last year.

MARYLAND.

Eight counties reported. Wheat, one-third less, good. Corn, one-half less, poor. Oats, average, and fair quality. Rye, one-fourth less, fair. Potatoes, one-third less, middling. Barley, no report. Hay, one-third more, good. Apples, good, and full crop.

ILLINOIS.

Twenty-one counties. Wheat, one-fourth less and good. Corn, larger and good. Oats, one-fourth more and good. Rye, average, quality good. Potatoes, usual crop, medium quality. Barley, one-fourth less, and good. Hay, one-third less, and middling. Apples, small crop and good quality.

NOTE.—In the southern part of the state winter wheat looks good, but spring wheat is a little below the average. Corn promises well all over the state, until it reaches points two hundred miles south of Chicago. Crop of oats larger.

OHIO.

Twenty-one counties reported. Wheat, one-third less and good. Corn, usual crop, very good. Oats, full crop and good. Rye, average and fair. Potatoes, full crop and good. Barley, one-fourth more, very good. Hay, full crop and good. Apples, average and good.

MICHIGAN.

Twenty-seven counties reported. Wheat, average and good. Corn, one-third less and good. Oats, one-fourth less and fair. Rye, average and fair quality. Potatoes, one-third less, middling. Barley, average crop and good. Hay, one-half less and good. Apples, one-half less and rather poor.

WISCONSIN.

Fourteen counties reported. Wheat, one-third less and good. Corn, one-eighth less, very good. Oats, one-third less and good. Rye, small crop, but good. Potatoes, one-fourth less and good. Barley, one-third less and good. Hay, average crop and fair. Apples, very slim crop and poor.

The foregoing summary put in tabular form will enable our readers to compare results at a glance:—

STATE.	WHEAT. Quan.	WHEAT. Qual.	CORN. Quan.	CORN. Qual.	OATS. Quan.	OATS. Qual.	RYE. Quan.	RYE. Qual.	POTATOES. Quan.	POTATOES. Qual.	BARLEY. Quan.	BARLEY. Qual.	HAY. Quan.	HAY. Qual.	APPLES. Quan.	APPLES. Qual.
Maine,	½ Less	Good	½ Less	Fair	½ Less	Good	Poor	½ Less	½ Less	Fair	½ Less	Av'ge	½ More	Extra	Small	Poor
Massachusetts	½ Less	Good	½ Less	Fair	½ Less	Av'ge	Av'ge	½ Less	½ Less	Good	½ Less	Fair	½ Less	Sup't	½ Less	Fair
New Hampshire,	½ Less	Good	½ Less	Good	½ Less	Av'ge	Fair	½ Less	½ Less	Fair	½ Less	Av'ge	½ Less	Extra	Full	Good
Vermont,	½ Less	Good	½ Less	Good	½ Less	Av'ge	Fair	½ Less	½ Less	Fair	½ Less	Av'ge	½ Less	Good	Full	Good
New York,	Av'ge	Good	½ Less	Good	½ Less	Av'ge	Av'ge	½ Less	½ Less	Fair	½ Less	Av'ge	½ Less	Good	½ Less	Fair
Pennsylvania,	½ Less	Good	½ Less	Good	½ Less	Av'ge	Fair	½ Less	½ Less	Fair	½ Less	Av'ge	½ Less	Good	½ Less	Fair
Iowa,	½ More	Sup'r	½ More	Good	½ More	Good	Good	½ More	½ Less	Good	½ Less	Fair	½ More	Good	Full	Good
Indiana,	½ More	Good	½ Less	Good	½ Less	Mid'g	Fair	½ Less	½ Less	Poor	½ Less	Poor	½ More	Good	Full	Good
Maryland,	½ Less	Good	½ Less	Poor	Av'ge	Fair	Fair	½ Less	½ Less	Fair	½ Less	Av'ge	½ More	Good	Full	Good
Illinois,	½ Less	Good	Larger	Good	½ More	Good	Good	½ More	½ Less	Good	½ Less	Good	½ Less	Good	Full	Good
Ohio,	½ Less	Good	Usual	V. G'd	Full	Good	V. G'd	Full	½ Less	Good	½ Less	Good	½ Less	Good	Full	Good
Michigan,	Av'ge	Good	½ Less	Good	½ Less	Av'ge	Av'ge	½ Less	Mid'g	Good	½ Less	Av'ge	½ More	Mid'g	Small	Poor
Wisconsin,	½ Less	Good	½ Less	Good	½ Less	Fair	Fair	½ Less	Mid'g	Good	½ Less	Av'ge	½ More	Mid'g	Small	Poor

In preparing the foregoing table, we have necessarily been obliged to average the quantity and quality through the several States. Our estimates may vary slightly from the details by towns and counties as reported in the larger tables furnished by the telegraph offices, and which would occupy too much space in our columns. While estimating the productiveness of the several States named, it must also be remembered that the full number of counties or of towns is seldom given.

Notwithstanding the general drought of the past three months, we have satisfactory assurance of abundance. If in some of the great grain-growing sections, owing to the scarcity of labor, there is an absence of a superabundant yield, we can nevertheless rely upon a full sufficiency for the nation's wants, the supply of the army and navy at reasonable prices, and a surplus also for export. Rebel journals have often included scarcity and high prices as among the prominent causes which are finally to beget general disaffection at the North. But in addition to the glorious and substantial victories which have illuminated the national flag, by sea and land, during the past few months, and through which we see clearly the early suppression of a mighty revolt against humanity and constitutional liberty, and for which we have offered up public thanksgiving, we could also find in the Divine beneficence, which has blessed us with earth abundance, additional motives for profound and frequent thankfulness.

☞ The village of Fredonia, in New York, is lighted by gas obtained from the earth by means of boring. When the supply becomes deficient they sink a new gas well.

☞ Among the eleven stars of the first magnitude visible in our latitude, seven have, within a comparatively short period, undergone change of color, and some of them more changes than one. Among the six stars of the first magnitude in the southern hemisphere two have changed their color, and nearly all these changes have been sudden. Astronomers are at a loss to account for this phenomenon.

☞ The Troy Whig refers to the encouraging fact of a material fall in prices. Eggs have fallen from thirty cents to twenty-five cents per dozen; potatoes from seventy-two to thirty-eight cents per peck, and green corn from twenty cents to fifteen cents per dozen. This fall in necessaries of the kind mentioned, with many other kinds, will continue yet awhile.

☞ The showers of black rain that fell in Scotland last year, accompanied by large quantities of pumice stone, were traced to an eruption of Vesuvius. The crater emitted the pumice stone and the black sulphurous substances which colored the rain.

☞ MR. WELLES'S NAMES.—The Indian names of some of our new war vessels are thus interpreted: Suwannee, buffalo soup; Shamokin, worn out pipe; Muscoota, muskrat; Winnepec, small pig; Ashuelot, burnt bones; Monocacy, sleeping baby; Mahongo, wounded boar. What's in a name?

☞ WOMEN FOR TYPE SETTERS.—The proprietors of the Chicago Times office have discharged their entire force of printers, and put a force of forty young women in their places.

☞ It has been wittily said that sewing came in with sin, it being one of the first consequences of the first crime.

☞ During the bombardment of fort Morgan the rebel garrison received for four hours an average of about *one shell a minute*.

☞ There are over a quarter of a million of people in England bearing the name of *Smith*, and above forty-five thousand in Scotland. If you meet seventy-three persons in England, or sixty-eight in Scotland, you may expect to find a Smith among them.

☞ The late Catharine Sinclair, author and philanthropist, was one of six sisters, each six feet high.

A Startling Statement.

In "Edmund Kirke's" new book, "DOWN IN TENNESSEE," he gives the following account of a projected slave insurrection in 1863, which was discountenanced by our Generals. He says:—

A PROJECTED INSURRECTION.

I passed, as I have said, several weeks at Murfreesboro, and I could fill a volume with what I saw and heard, but the fear of compromising public interests holds my pen. Some day, when "this cruel war is over," I may be at liberty to write what I know. Then, if not before, the American people will say to Rosecrans: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

But now, when the rebels are raising the black flag, and butchering our troops, black and white, in a spirit unknown to even savage warfare, there is one thing which should be told.

One day, as I was sitting alone with Rosecrans, an aide handed him a letter. He opened it, ceased doing half a dozen other things, and became at once absorbed in its contents. He re-read it, and then, handing it to me, said: "Read that. Tell me what you think of it." I read it. Its outside indicated it had come from "over Jordan," and had "a hard road to travel," but its inside startled me. It was written in a round, unpractised hand, and though badly spelled, showed its author familiar with good *Southern* English. Its date was May 18th, 1863, and it began thus:

"GENERAL:—A plan has been adopted for a simultaneous movement or rising to sever the rebel communications throughout the whole South, which is now disclosed to some general in each military department in the Secesh States, in order that they may act in concert, and thus insure us success.

"The plan is for the blacks to make a concerted and simultaneous rising, on the night of the first of August next, over the whole States in rebellion. To arm themselves with any and every kind of weapon that may come to hand, and commence operations by burning all railroad and county bridges, tearing up all railroad tracks, and cutting and destroying telegraph wires,—and when this is done take to the woods, the swamps, or the mountains, whence they may emerge, as occasions may offer, for provisions or for further depredations. No blood is to be shed except in self-defence.

"The corn will be in roasting ear about the first of August, and upon this, and by foraging on the farms at night, we can subsist. Concerted movement at the time named would be successful, and the rebellion be brought suddenly to an end."

The letter went on with some details which I cannot repeat, and ended thus:

"The plan will be simultaneous over the whole South, and yet few of all engaged will know its whole extent. Please write 'I' and 'approved,' and send by the bearer, that we may know *you are with us*.

"Be assured, General, that a copy of this letter has been sent to every military department in the rebel States, that the time of the movement may thus be general over the entire South."

I was re-reading the letter when the General again said: "What do you think of it?"

"It would end the rebellion. It taps the great negro organization, of which I speak in 'Among the Pines,' and, co-operated with by our forces, would certainly succeed, but—the South would run with blood."

"Innocent blood! Women and children!"

"Yes, women and children. If you let the blacks loose, they will rush into carnage like horses into a burning barn. St. Domingo will be multiplied by a million."

"But he says no blood is to be shed except in self-defence."

"He says so, and the leaders may mean so, but they cannot restrain the rabble. Every slave has some real or fancied wrong, and he would take such a time to avenge it."

"Well, I must talk with Garfield. Come, go with me."

We crossed the street to Garfield's lodgings, and found him bolstered up in bed, quite sick of a fever. The General sat down at the foot of his bed, and handed him the letter. Garfield read it over carefully, and then laying it down, said:

"It will never do, General. We don't want to whip by such means. If the slaves, of their own accord, rise and assert their original right to themselves, that will be their own affair; but we can have no complicity with them without outraging the moral sense of the civilized world."

"I knew you'd say so; but he speaks of other department commanders—may they not come into it?"

"Yes, they may, and that should be looked to. Send this letter to ——, and let him head off 'the movement.'"

It was not thought prudent to intrust the letter to the mails; nor with the railway, infested with guerillas, was it a safe document to carry about the person. A short shrift and a long rope might have been the consequence of its being found on a traveller. So, ripping open the top of my boot, I stowed it snugly away in the lining, and took it North. On the 4th of June following, Garfield wrote me that he had just heard from the writer of the letter; that five out of our nine department commanders had come into the project, and, subsequently, that another general had also promised it his support.

But I can say no more. All the world knows that the insurrection did not take place. The outbreaks in September, among the blacks of Georgia and Alabama, were only parts of the plan, the work of subordinate leaders, who, maddened at the miscarriage of the grand scheme, determined to carry out their own share of the programme at all hazards. It was a gigantic project, and the trains were all laid, the matches all lighted, and two centuries of cruel wrong were about to be avenged in a night, when a white man said to the negro: "You will slaughter friends and enemies. You will wade knee deep in innocent blood; God cannot be with you in midnight massacre!" A white man said that, and the uplifted torch fell from the negro's hand; and saying: "I will 'bide my time; I will leave vengeance to God," he went back to his toil and his stripes.

The time has not come to write the history of this, and I have said what I have, only to show that while Southern men were starving our prisoners, butchering our wounded, and desecrating our dead, we were supplicating the destroying angel to pass over their homes, and save their wives and little ones from a swift destruction. In the day when "He maketh inquisition for blood," on whose garments, my Southern brother, think you, will He find the stain?

☞ Early rising in the country is not an instinct; it is a sentiment and must be cultivated.

LATEST NEWS.

Advices from the Army of the Potomac say that during the past few days both sides have been engaged in a continued struggle of sharp-shooting and artillery firing, particularly in the centre of the line.

The rebels made a raid upon our cattle corral opposite Harrison's Landing on Friday, and captured about 2,500 head. The guard, consisting of about 200 cavalry men, where also taken prisoners. Our cavalry was sent in pursuit, and it was thought that both raiders and plunder would be captured.

Gen. Grant's recent proclamation concerning deserters from the rebel army has been taken advantage of by about 3,000 of Lee's men.

From Sherman's army we have a despatch stating that our right is at East Point, the centre is in Atlanta, and the left at Decatur. The Georgia militia are said to be deserting from Hood's army, and the mountains are reported to be full of them. Governor Brown has withwithdrawn fifteen thousand militia from Hood's army. The Federal prisoners at Andersonville have been removed to Savannah and Augusta.

General Averill has recently had several skirmishes with the rebels in the Shenandoah valley.

North Carolina is reported to be in an uproar about the rebel conscripting agents. In Moore county a collision recently occurred between 1,700 deserters and the State Guard, in which the latter were defeated.

☞ A celebrated Dublin divine was engaged one evening in a disquisition on the difference between Irish and Scotch Celts, and suddenly asked, "What is the difference between an Irishman and a Scotchman on the top of a mountain in frosty weather?" "One is cowld with the kilt, and the other is kilt with the cowld."

☞ "Talkin' of law," says Pompey, "makes me think of what the mortal Cato, who lib most a thousand years ago, once said—the law is like a groun glass winder, that gives light enuff to light us poor mortals in the dark passage of life; but it would puzzle de debble himself to see troo it."

☞ At the Brady House, Harrisburg, a few days since, two friends were conversing, and one of them asked:—"By the way, S——, what are your politics?" "A Democrat, sir, because my father was a Democrat," answered the person addressed. "And what is your religion?" "A Protestant, sir, because my father was a Protestant." "And why are you a bachelor?" "Because my father was a—" At this moment S—— happened to think what he was saying, so he turned away muttering: "Oh, darn! what's the use talking? Don't bother me with your silly questions."

☞ The friend of a poor fellow who lost his left leg at Petersburg remarked that, although maimed, he would always have one good point of a well drilled soldier—his "left foot foremost," as it was permanently planted at the front. "Yes," said a wag, "he left his left foot at the front; and now his *right* foot is *left*."

☞ Prof. Neumayer, of Munich, says the world is coming to an end in 1865. He adds that a comet will run against the earth and absorb it, as one drop of mercury absorbs another. Pleasant intelligence for the survivors of 1864.

☞ One of the urchins in the School Ship Massachusetts, who was quite sick, was visited by a kind lady. The little fellow was suffering severely, and his visitor asked him if she could do anything for him. "Yes," replied the patient, "read to me." "Will you have a story?" asked the lady. "No," answered the boy; "read the Bible; read about Lazarus;" and the lady complied. The next day the visit was repeated, and again the boy asked the lady to read to him. "Shall I read from the Bible?" "Oh, no!" was the reply. "I'm better to-day; read me a *love story!*"

☞ In some of the cantons in Switzerland, it has been forbidden to hunt the chamois for three years, under a severe penalty, the cause of this being the rapid decrease in numbers of this quadruped.

☞ Five of the surviving leaders of the late Polish revolution were executed by the Russians in Warsaw, on the 4th of August. It was said that this was the last act of the great Polish drama.

☞ Fontenelle describes a lover as a man who, in his anxiety to obtain possession of another, loses possession of himself.

☞ Jones calls crinolines the *large circle* of his female friends.

☞ A late number of the Pacific Commercial Advertiser, published at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, states that at a recent election in one of the districts, the ballot-box was stuffed, only 378 votes being recorded, while 788 were found in the box. This indicates progress in "the arts of civilization" rather more rapid than we expected to see.

☞ The act of Captain Craven, who went down in the monitor Tecumseh, off Mobile, was an instance of sublime courtesy. As the pilot and himself, the last in the vessel, moved to the ladder, the Captain stepped aside, saying, "You first, sir." The pilot was saved, and the hero perished in his magnanimity, leaving an example as noble as Sydney.

☞ A soldier's widow, by marrying again, forfeits all her pensions, from the date of her remarriage; and if she again becomes a widow she cannot resume them. This is according to the Act of Congress, July 1, 1864.

☞ Man is born of woman; and he may often die of her.

☞ In early youth, while yet we live among those we love, we love without restraint, and our hearts overflow in every look, word and action. But when we enter into the world, and are repulsed by strangers, and forgotten by friends, we grow more and more timid in our approaches, even to those we love best. How delightful to us then, are the caresses of children. All sincerity, all affection, they fly into our arms; and then only, we feel the renewal of our first confidence and first pleasure.

☞ Have you ever thought of it? The memory of an eye is the most deathless of memories, because there, if anywhere, you catch a glimpse of the visible soul as it sits by the window.

☞ The number of young in the shell of an oyster at spawning time is said to be about 1,800,000. Delmar, the great mathematician, is said to have counted them.

☞ King George, of Greece, during his late tour through his kingdom, requested, on his arrival at Missolonghi, to be shown Byron's tomb. His majesty was greatly shocked at its dilapidated condition, and gave orders for the immediate repair of the poet's last resting place.

THE HEART'S LONGINGS.

A slender shaft of sunset gold
Came glittering slantwise through my room;
The hearth was naked, blank and cold,
The walls seem tapestried with gloom.

The clock upon the mantel-shelf
Ticked ever wearily and slow;
The heart within my weary self
Responded feebly, faint and low.

And flitting through my idle brain
Went visions of the vanished years—
Old memories of joy and pain,
And childhood with its smiles and tears.

The hopes which came with boyhood's time;
The dreams of youth so fair and bright;
And lusty manhood's vigorous prime—
The athlete fitted for the fight.

And musing on the Past, I said:
"Oh! heart, what makes thee beat so low—
Are all thy hopes, long cherished, dead?
What useful longings fill thee now?"

And from within a voice replied:
"Oh! give me back the smiles and tears
Of childhood, and from far and wide
The scattered hopes of boyhood's years!

"Oh! give me back the dreams of youth,
The friends who gathered round me then;
The early freshness and the truth
Which doubted not my fellow-men!

"Where are the castles that I reared,
And where the fame I thought to find?
My boy-wreaths, once green leaves, are seared
By Disappointment's frosty wind.

"Where are the ships I sent to sea,
The golden spires I raised so high?
My ships, they ne'er came back to me;
The spires, they melted in the sky.

"Where is the wife I would possess;
The children climbing to her knees
To share their mother's fond caress?
Ah! more than all I long for these!"

Oh! cease, sad heart! your chambers all
Are vacant, lone and drear, I know;
Yet on each blank and naked wall
Shall shine a sudden sunset glow.

For life is never always dark:
No one by fate is so accurst
But somewhere lurks a hidden spark
That into flame will sometime burst.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

Mark was not the only visitor to Oswald Cray that night. He was sitting alone, after his dinner, very deep in deliberation, when Benn came up showing in a gentleman. He proved to be Henry Oswald.

They had not met since the funeral of Lady Oswald twelve months before, and at the first moment Oswald scarcely knew him. Henry Oswald was a cordial-mannered man: he had not inherited the cold heart and the haughty bearing so characteristic of the Oswalds of Thorndyke, and he grasped Oswald's hand warmly.

"I have been out of England nearly ever since we met, Oswald—I'm sure you will let me call you so, we are near relatives—or I should have sought to improve the acquaintance begun at that short meeting. I want you to be friendly with me: I know how wrong has been the estrangement and what cause you have to hate us; but surely you and I can afford to do away with the prejudice that has kept you from Thorndyke, and Thorndyke from you."

Oswald saw how genuine were the words, how earnest the wish imparted in them; and from that moment his "prejudice" went out of him as far as Henry Oswald was concerned, and his eye lighted up with an earnest of the future friendship. He had liked Henry Oswald at that first meeting; he liked him still.

They sat together, talking of the days gone by, when they two were unconscious children. Of Oswald's mother; of the conduct of her family towards her; of the insensate folly—it was his son called it so—that still estranged Sir Philip from Oswald Cray: they talked freely and fully as though they had been intimate for years, far more confidentially than Oswald had ever talked to his half-brother.

"I shall be *proud* of your friendship, Oswald," cried the young man warmly, "if that's not an ominous word for one of us. But I fancy you inherit the family failing far more than I. All I hear of you is *good*. You will be one of the world's good and great men yet, making yourself a name that the best might envy."

Oswald laughed. "If the world envies those who work hard, then it may envy me."

"I can tell you what, Oswald. If work's not envied in these days it is honored. In the old days of darkness—I'm sure I can call them so in comparison with these—it was such as I who were envied. The man born with a silver spoon in his mouth, who need do nothing his whole life long but sit down in idleness and enjoy his title and fortune and be clothed in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day; he got the honor then. *Now* the man of industry and talent is bowed down to, he who labors onwards and upwards to use and improve the good gifts bestowed upon him by God. It may be wrong to say it, but I do say it in all sincerity, that I, Henry Oswald, born to my baronetcy, envy you, Oswald Cray, born to work."

From one subject they went to another. In talking of the Cray family, they spoke of Mark, and from Mark the transition to the Great Wheal Bang Company was easy. Henry Oswald had heard and read of its promise, and he now asked Oswald's opinion of its stability. He had a few hundreds to spare, for he had not been an extravagant man, and felt inclined to embark them in the Great Wheal Bang. Oswald advised his doing so. He had embarked all his saved cash in it, a thousand pounds, and he thought he had done well.

"Then I'll see about it to-morrow," decided Henry Oswald; "and get it completed before I go down to Thorndyke."

He departed soon, for he was engaged out that evening, and Oswald resumed the train of thought which his entrance had interrupted. The *deliberation*, it may be said. He was pondering a grave question: should he not despatch Frank Allister to Spain in place of himself? Allister was equally capable: and two or three years' residence in that climate might renovate him for life. It would be a great sacrifice for him, Oswald; a sacrifice in some degree of name and fame and pecuniary benefit; but he was a conscientious man, very different from the generality of business men, who seek their own elevation no matter who is left behind. Oswald as a child had learnt the good wholesome doctrine of doing to other men as we would be done by: and he *carried it out practically in life*, content to leave the issue with God. How many of us can say as much?

A few minutes' earnest thought and he raised his head with a clear countenance. The decision was made.

"Allister shall go," he said, half aloud. "Should he get ill again in this wretched climate next winter, and die, I should have it on my conscience for ever. It will be a sacrifice for me: but how can I put my advancement against his life? I ought not, and I will not."

The words had scarcely left his lips when Mark came in. Not Mark as we saw him just now, troubled, eager, panting; but Mark all coolness and smiles. A little hurried perhaps; but that was nothing.

He had come to ask Oswald a favor. Would he accommodate him with a cheque for two hundred pounds until the banks opened in the morning. A gentleman to whom was owing that sum on account of the Great Wheal Bang had urgent need of it that very night and had come bothering him, Mark, for it. If Oswald would accommodate him, he, Mark, should feel very much obliged and would return it in the morning with many thanks.

"I have not got as much of my own," said Oswald.

"But you can give me a cheque of the firm's, can't you?" returned Mark, playing carelessly with his diamond studs.

Oswald did not much like this suggestion, and hesitated. Mark spoke again.

"It will be rendering me the greatest possible service, Oswald. The fellow has to leave town, or something, by one of the night trains. You shall have it back the first thing in the morning."

"You are sure that I shall, Mark?"

"Sure!" echoed Mark, opening his small gray eyes very wide in surprise. "Of course I am sure. Do you think I should forget to bring it you? Let me have it at once, there's a good brother. Carine will think I am never coming: we have got to go to two parties to-night."

Oswald wrote the cheque and gave it him. It was a cheque of the firm: "Bracknell, Street, & Oswald Cray:" for Oswald's name appeared now.

And Mr. Mark carried it off with him. "There's a good brother," indeed! I wonder how he slept that night!

PART XLII.

COMMOTION.

With the wing of the dawn—that is, with the wing of the dawn for business in London—Mark Cray was at the offices in the city. Barker was there before him and started forward to meet him as he entered. Mark had not succeeded in seeing Barker the previous night.

"Cray, it's all up. I'm afraid it's all up."

"Have you heard from Wales?"

"I got a telegram this morning. There's an irruption of water, in earnest this time. It's flowing in like so many pumps. Look here."

Mark's hands shook as he laid hold of the telegram.

"I wasn't in bed till three o'clock," said he, as if he would give an excuse for the signs of agitation. But though he tried to account for his shaking hands, he could not for his scared face.

Yes, Mr. Barker was no doubt right: it was "all up" with the Great Wheal Bang. Mark and he stood alone over the table in the board room: in consultation as to what they could do, and what they might do.

Might they dare—allowing that the public still reposed in happy security—to take some shares into the market and secure themselves something out of the wreck? Barker was all for doing it; at any rate for *trying* it—"whether it would work," he said. Mark hung back in indecision: he thought there might be after-consequences. He told Barker the episode of Mr. Brackenbury's visit, and of his satisfying that gentleman with the cheque of Bracknell, Street & Oswald Cray, which cheque was no doubt cashed by that time.

"Mean old idiot!" apostrophised Mr. Barker. "That's always the way with those petty people. They'll make more fuss over their paltry hundred pounds or two, than others do over thousands. I'd not have paid him, Mark."

"I couldn't help it, said Mark. "You should have seen the work he made. Besides, if I had not, he'd have proclaimed the thing from one end of London to another."

"Well, about these shares," said Barker. "We must make as much as ever we can. Will you go, or shall I?"

"Perhaps it's known already," returned Mark, dubiously.

"Perhaps it isn't. Brackenbury gave you his word that he'd keep quiet, and who else is likely to know it? Letters *can't* get here till the afternoon post, and nobody at the mine would make it their business to telegraph up."

Mark stood in restless indecision. When annoyed, he was fidgety to a degree; could not be still. Perhaps he had inherited his mother's temperament. He pushed back his hair incessantly; he fingered nervously the diamond studs in his shirt. Mark was not in the habit of wearing those studs by day, or the curiously-fine embroidery they were adorning. Whether, in his confusion of faculties, he had put in the studs that morning, or had absently retired to rest in his shirt the previous night, studs and all, must be left to conjecture.

"Look here, Barker," said he. "If news had not come to us of the disaster, to you and to me, I'd willingly have taken every share we possess into the market, and got the money for them down, if I could. But the news *has* come: and I don't think it would do."

"Who's to know it has come?" asked Barker.

"Well—things do often come out, you know; they nearly always do: especially if they are not wanted to. Perhaps the telepraph office could be brought up to prove it, or something of that."

"Well?" said Barker.

"Well," repeated Mark. "It mightn't do."

"Oh, bother, Cray! We must do it. We must stand out through thick and thin afterwards that the message never reached us. I could; and you are safe, for you have not had one at all. Look at our position. We *must* realize. Of course we don't attempt to negociate many shares; that would betray us: but a few we might, and must. We must, for our own sakes; we can't stand naked without a penny to fall back upon."

Mark still hesitated.

"I'd have done it with all the pleasure in life but for this telegram," he reiterated. "For one thing, Oswald would never forgive me; my name's the same as his, you know; and I shall have to face him over this two hundred pounds: that will be bad enough. And there's my mother. And my wife, Barker; you forget her."

"I don't forget her. I am thinking of her," was Mr. Barker's answer. "It's for her sake, as much as ours, that you ought to secure a little ready money. You'll want it. I know that much, for I have been down in luck before."

Mark looked irresolute, and pitiably gloomy.

"I don't see my way clear," he resumed, after a pause. "Let's put the thing into plain black and white. I go out, and sell some shares, and get the money paid down for them, and pocket it. An hour afterwards the news spreads that the mine's destroyed, and the shares are consequently worthless. Well, Barker, my belief is, that they could proceed against me criminally for disposing of those shares—"

"Not if you did not know the mine was wrong when you took them into the market."

"Nonsense," returned Mark, irritably, "they'd be sure to know it. I tell you it would be safe to come out by hook or by crook. They'd call it felony, or swindling, or some such ugly name. And—Barker," he continued, lowering his voice—"something with an uglier name still might follow it—*transportation*. Do you suppose I am going to put my head into that noose? I was born a gentleman."

"And do you suppose I wish either of us to do it?" retorted Barker. "I shouldn't be such a fool. I never go into a thing unless I know I can fight my way out of it. I shall take a few shares into the market, and feel my way. I shall sell them for money, if I can; and you shall share it, Mark. I suppose you won't object to that."

No certainly Mark would have no objection to that.

"I did not hear of the disaster until later, you know," said Barker, winking. "News of it came up to us by the afternoon post. If they do find out about the telegram, why, I never opened it. Nobody saw me open it," added Barker with satisfaction. "I have had so many up from the mine that they sign, and put them in my sitting-room now as a matter of course. This one was put there this morning and I found it when I came down, but nobody was in the room. Oh, it will be all right. And I say, Mark, if—"

Mr. Barker's smooth projects were stopped. Absorbed in their conversation, he and Mark had alike failed to notice a gradually gathering hum in the street outside. A very gentle, almost imperceptible hum at first, but increasing to a commotion now. With one bound they reached the window.

A concourse of people, their numbers being added to every moment, had assembled there beneath. They were waiting for the opening of the offices of the Great Wheal Bang at ten o'clock. And the hour was almost on the point of striking.

"It's all up," shouted Barker in Mark's ear. "The news is abroad and they have heard of it. Look at their faces!"

The faces were worth looking at, though not as a pleasant sight. Anger, rage, disappointment, above all, *impatience*, were depicted there. The impatience of a wolf waiting to spring upon its prey. One of the faces unluckily turned its gaze upwards, and caught sight of Barker's. Barker saw it; he had not been quick enough in drawing his away from the window.

"They'll not be kept out now, doors or no doors," said he quietly to Mark.

Mr. Barker was right. Ere the words had died away upon his lips, a sound as if the walls of the house were being beaten in, ensued. The bells commenced a perpetual peal, the knocker knocked incessantly; the doors were pushed, and kicked, and thumped. In the midst of it rose the sound of human voices in a roar: disjointed words distinguishable amidst the tumult. "Let us in!" "Come out to us!"

Mr. Barker advanced to the stairs and leaned over the balustrades. "Williams," he called out to an attendant official below, "you can open the doors. The gentlemen may come up."

It was curious to note the difference in the two men. Barker was as cool as a cucumber; self-possessed as ever he had been in his life; ready to make the best of everything, and quite equal to the emergency. Mark Cray on the contrary seemed to have parted alike with his wits and his nerves: not more completely did he lose his presence of mind in that long past evening which had been so fatal to Lady Oswald, than he had lost it now. His hands shook as with terror; his face was white as death.

"Will they pull us to pieces, Barker?"

"Pooh," said Barker with a laugh at the evident tremor. "What has taken you, Mark? Let them rave on a bit without answering, and they'll calm down. "Put *that* in your pocket," he continued. "It will be a trifle to fall back upon."

He had touched the diamond ring that glittered on Mark Cray's finger. Mark obeyed like a child. He took it from his hand and thrust it into his waistcoat pocket; next he buttoned his coat, some vague feeling perhaps prompting him to hide the studs; but he did it all mechanically, as one not conscious of his actions. Terror was holding its sway over Mark Cray.

"Why should they be excited against us? Heaven knows we have not intentionally wronged them."

"That's just the question I shall ask them myself when they are cool enough to listen to it," rejoined Barker with a gay air. "Now then comes the tug of war."

In they came, thick and threefold, dashing up the stairs and pouring into the room like so many bees. And then it was found that Mark's apprehensions had been somewhat premature. For these shareholders had come flowing to the offices not so much to abuse the projectors of the company, as to inquire the true particulars of the disaster. The news had gone forth in a whisper—and to this hour neither Mark nor Barker knows how, or through whom it had oozed out—but that whisper was vague and uncertain. Naturally those interested flew to the offices for better information. Was the damage of extent?—and would the mine and the company stand it?

Barker was of course all suavity. He treated the matter more as a joke than anything else, making light of it altogether. An irruption of water? well, perhaps a little drop had got in, but they must wait for the afternoon's post. It would be all right.

He looked round for Mark, hoping that gentleman's face would not arouse suspicion; but he could not see him. Mark, as Barker learnt afterwards, had contrived to escape from the room as the throng entered, and got into the street unnoticed, and leaped into a cab. Mark was beside himself that morning.

The unfortunate news spread from one end of London to the other. It was carried to Oswald Cray; but the day was advanced then. "The Great Wheal Bang Company had exploded, and there was a run upon the offices." Oswald was startled; and betook himself at once to the offices, as the rest had done. But on his way, he called in upon Henry Oswald, and spoke a word of caution.

"It may be a false rumor," said he; "I hope it is. But don't do anything in the shares until you know."

A false rumor! When Oswald reached the offices, he found it all too true a one. The secretary to the company, without meaning to do ill—indeed he had let it out in his lamentation—had unfortunately disclosed the fact of the previous irruption of water in the summer: and the excited crowd were growing wild with anger. A great portion of them had bought their shares subsequent to that.

Oswald heard, and went to Mr. Barker in the board-room. That gentleman, rather heated certainly, but with unchanged suavity of demeanor, was still doing his best to reassure everybody. Oswald drew him aside.

"What a dreadful thing this is! What is the real truth of it?"

"Hush!" interrupted Mr. Barker. "No need to tell the worst to them. You are one of us. I'm afraid it is all up with the mine; but we will keep it from them as long as we can. Any way, it's no fault of ours."

"What is it that they are saying about an irruption of water having occurred in the summer?"

"Well, so it did," answered Mr. Barker, whose past few hours' temporising with the crowd caused him perhaps to throw off reserve entirely to Mr. Oswald Cray as a welcome relief. "But it wasn't much, that; and we succeeded in keeping it dark."

"Did Mark know of it?"

"Mark know of it!" rejoined Barker; "of course he know of it. What should hinder him? Why, the telegram bringing the news was given me at Mark's house; and, by the way, you were present, I remember. It was the evening that old doctor in the yellow trowsers was there, with his two frights of daughters."

The scene rose as in a mirror before Oswald's memory. Dr. Ford and his daughters, Miss Davenal and Sara, Caroline Cray in her satins and her beauty. He remembered the telegram, he remembered that it appeared to disturb both Barker and Mark; and he remembered Mark's denial to him that anything was amiss with the mine.

"I do recollect it," he said aloud. "It struck me—perhaps it was rather singular it should do so—that something was wrong. Mark declared to me that it was not."

The words seemed to tickle Barker uncommonly.

"Ah," said he laughing, "Mark told me of it, and how he turned you off the scent. You'd not have put your thousand into it, perhaps, had you known of the water."

"Perhaps not," quietly replied Oswald. "And my thousand was wanted, I suppose."

"Law! you don't know the money that's been wanted," was the response. "And that irruption of water, slight as it was, made the demand for it worse. The mine has sucked it in like a sponge." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE OAK AND THE OSIER.

An oak and an osier side by side,
Grew by a streamlet fair,
But the oak looked down in scorn and pride,
On its humble neighbor there.
"Poor flexible thing, you bend," it said,
"If but a breeze goes by,
While I, with my thousand arms outspread,
Aye, a thousand storms defy."

The boastful taunt was barely said,
When a storm, with deafening roar,
Passing harmlessly over the osier's head,
The oak by the roots uptore.
"See now," said the osier, "'tis my belief,
"Whatever the world may say,—
It's the high and the haughty that come to grief,
While gentleness wins the day."

French Women.

In Paris and elsewhere you may see people with mended but none with ragged clothes; so that until we came to Brittany, where the people are as remarkable for their bigotry and deep drinking and dreadful swearing, as for their antique and picturesque *costumes*, we almost never saw a Frenchwoman with a rag on her back or a spot on her face; and even here the women, speaking of them generally, as they ply the distaff while they tend their cows in the field, or walk the roads knitting, or sit at their windows sewing, show a tidiness that is as remarkable as their industry. In fact, for neatness of attire, respect for personal appearance both in herself and in her family, and habits of industry, the Frenchwoman is a pattern to the world. Scarcely ever do you find them what the Scotch people call *hand-idle*; and slatterns never. The girl who keeps a shop is busy with some piece of work when customers do not require her attention. The woman who sits by her stall on the open street, with her feet on a box of lighted charcoal to keep them warm, is usually sewing or knitting; and only lifts her head from her work to say, when she becomes aware of your presence, *Que voulez-vous, monsieur?* And but yesterday, in walking through the weekly market at Quimper, where the Breton women sat all tidily attired, with towers and wings of snowy linen on their heads, and on a table before them the produce of their dairy in curiously carved pats and pillars of first-rate butter, I was greatly struck with the spectacle of industry which the scene presented. Hardly one not engaged with a customer but was busy with wire or needle—a lively as well as pleasant spectacle, for their tongues went as fast as their tools.

Ballet Dancers.

I dare say that one of the reasons why I enjoy a ballet so much is my absolute indifference to ballet-girls during their eclipse. I adore them as they float in the golden-grained atmosphere of the footlights in their enchanting costume; I turn my back to them in the green or dressing-room. I loathe fairies when they become toads. I have been so often disappointed in attempting to improve a taste to fulness, that I content myself with the sip offered, if indeed no more than a sip be offered. Since I have seen bakers make bread I have lost all ardor in pursuit of the mysteries of the kitchen. Since I have witnessed wine-making my inquisitiveness has left me. I eat and drink what is set before me and am thankful without peering into the history of the repast. If it is given in the host's house, I do not even inquire if it has been paid for. One eats so many unpaid dinners in the world there would be no such thing as digestion if one insisted on seeing the file of purveyor's bills before the folding-doors open and "Dinner is ready, sir!" Besides, in this city, "where no secrets are hid," one who looks (and that is my trade) is sure to see everything. I may declare without violation of truth that a ballet-girl in her provoking costume behind the footlights is at the climax of her beauty and does appear to be more beautiful than in reality she is. I dare say you may imagine that a ballet-girl in physical proportion is one of the most beautiful spectacles. Undeceive yourself. Her body is deformed by the exigencies of her occupation. Every year tends to deform her body, for the public taste requires more force, more agility every year. We require noisy singers and adroit dancing-girls. We ask less grace and more strength. We seek astonishment, not pleasure. Dancing consequently becomes more like gymnastics than the light, graceful art which tradition tells us of. The toes of dancing-girls are made to bear the whole weight of their body in the new school of dancing, and as the toe is not, and cannot be made, a strong member of the body, every dancing-woman's big toes are dislocated and this dislocation superinduces an excrescence of or knot on both feet, which ruins not only the shape of the foot but the woman's walk. The legs are not more beautiful, for the front muscles have scarcely any development, while the back muscles are excessively developed and the development is greatest nearest the knee, and at the same time the thigh and back are less developed than the calf. The consequence is that the calf seems to be artificial or diseased and the rest of the body emaciated compared with it. The corset (that cruel instrument of torture which were the world to know only as a portion of the dress of unruly slaves would be looked upon with horror and tears) gives the muscles of the neck great development and makes them actually ridge the neck as if with thick, hard thongs of hide. The corset, a pernicious portion of dress under all circumstances, is especially pernicious to a dancing girl, who, even were her breast free, could scarcely breathe while performing those rapid or difficult evolutions in which modern dancing chiefly consists. The corset makes breathing next to impossible; to supply breath the muscles of the neck are called upon and they soon are developed to deformity. So you see the dancing-girls who are so brilliant behind the foot-lights are much more like toads than fairies in their dressing-rooms. I read a few days since a description of a well-known dancing-girl here after the curtain had fallen:—"How many tears she repressed when she fell half-dead in the slips, her flesh bruised and torn and bleeding by her steel-corset. The public were in a tempest of delight; she was covered with applause and flowers; but she would often have prayed to be excused from a repetition of her pas had her family not been there behind her, to tear her from the arms of her comrades and force her panting and half-crazed with torture upon the boards humid with tears and blood, and when the curtain fell she was carried home faint and speechless in a hack." Now I think you will turn philosopher with me and content yourself with enjoying the spectacle presented you between the rise and fall of the curtain without seeking to penetrate any further.

Scene at a Bull Fight.

Some years ago the inhabitants of Seville read with surprise, in the advertisement of an approaching bull-fight, this unusual notice:

"When the third bull shall have attacked the picadors, and receives three pairs of banderillas, a young peasant, by whom he has been brought up, will appear in the circus. He will approach the bull, caress it, and after removing the banderillas, one after another, will lie down between his horns."

The announcement of so singular a feat attracted an immense crowd to the amphitheatre. The third bull appeared, an animal with splendid horns, and very brave; he slew four horses, received the banderillas, and became furious. Then, contrary to custom, all the torreros retired from the ring, leaving the bull stamping about and shaking the bloody darts that hung from his neck. Suddenly a long whistle was heard. The bull paused and listened. It was repeated. He approached the barrier, and a young man leaped into the ring, calling the bull by his name, "Mosquito." The animal knew his master, came to caress him and was appeased. The peasant gave it his hand to lick, and with the other began to scratch it behind the ears—an operation which seemed to afford the brute much pleasure. He then gently removed the banderillas which annoyed the neck of Mosquito, made him go down on his knees, and placed his head between its horns. The grateful bull seemed to listen with pleasure to a pastoral melody sung by the master. The admiration of the multitude, hitherto suppressed by surprise, now burst forth with violence, and shook the building. Hearing this frenzied applause, which had accompanied all his sufferings, the bull, till then under a charm, appeared to awake and return to reality. He suddenly rose, bellowing, and the peasant tried to escape. But it was too late. The animal, as though furious at being betrayed, tossed the young man into the air, received him again on his horns, gored him, trampled on him, and crushed him to pieces, in spite of the efforts of the torreros. The function was suspended—a phenomenon in Spain—the horrified public quitted the circus in silence.

☞ There lately died in Buenos Ayres an old man of seventy-eight years, whose will contained a clause leaving ten thousand cigars for those who might attend his funeral. This eccentric testator also expressed his desire that his friends should not leave the house of mourning without drinking to his memory all the wine left in his cellar. It is said that the will of the deceased was perfectly fulfilled.

On a Dried Wild-Flower in an Old School-Book.

Relic of early days! My casual hand
Hath made discovery of thy long retreat,
As carelessly I turned the time-worn page,
Unconscious of its import; for my thoughts
Were idly roving—not on learned lore,
Or marked and measured task. I look on thee,
Poor withered thing! and memory's current flows
Back, back upon the past. Shrivelled and sear
Is all thine aspect now, pris'ner of years!
Yet hath it woke remembrance of bright days
And sunny scenes of nature, trodden oft
By my free feet in childhood; it hath woke
The echoes of sweet voices in my heart—
I see again the light of happy eyes—
I mingle with the early loved, and tread
With them familiar pathways. Where, O where
Hast thou been gathered? Was 't in the shady walk
Far in the woodlands, where the beech-trees stretch
Their long embracing branches, forming there
A cool continuous arbor? Grewest thou
Beside that stately stem, whose graven bark
Tells of its frequent lotterers? Or didst
Thou spring from some small cleft upon the rock
That venturous steps were needed to attain?
Wert thou the spoil of some loved playmate's hand?
Or did mine own thus bind and prison thee
In bondage grim and fast? so shrunk, so sear
Is all thine aspect now!—Yet can I trace
In its wan lineaments the form of grace,
And can imagine the bright sapphire hue
Of each small petal, when the calyx burst,
And gave its incense to the morning air.
How many a time hath Spring awoke the woods,
And Summer to the blue perpetual skies
Unfolded all her flowers; how many a time
Hath morn succeeded night, the sunbeam waned,
And the cool air condensed itself in dew,
Since thou, their nursling, in thy beauty blooming
Wert here entombed, to fade and be forgot!

Sleep on, poor flow'ret; softest showers of spring,
And all sweet influences of nature, now were vain
Thy colors to revive, or bring to thee
The loveliness of life; as vain, alas,
As wishes are to fill the longing heart—
As vain as bitterest tears or deepest sighs
To bring again the lost. Ah, could we turn
And search the storied pages of the heart,
What withered flowers were found! Fair buds of Hope
Gathered in dewy hours of life's young morn,
And garnered in their freshness, faded now
And bleached by disappointment; cherished joys
Shrunk into memories that awaken tears—
And loves, and friendships, once expanded flowers
Roseate and beautiful—all, all are there!
Sleep on, poor flow'ret; not unmarked from hence
Thy place of sepulture: with loving hands,
And chastened thought, reluctantly once more
I close the book upon thy faded form.

A FAMILY FIX;

OR,

THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

I have a kind old friend in Westburnia, with whom I generally manage to stop on the rare occasions of my having to remain a few days in town. He is a plain-going fellow in his ways, and so we are exactly suited as companions. His wife knew mine when they were girls, and I knew him when we were boys, and thus we have a never-failing source of reminiscences on which to fall back. It saddens one to think how few of these antique friendships survive the bereavements of time: he and I stand alone of our contemporaries.

Understand then that we are intimate friends, and that I go to his house just as I would to an hotel; with as little scruple, that is to say, though with ten times the sense of enjoyment. I am accustomed to be welcomed on arrival by the whole *posse comitatus*. The little ones jump at my neck, and the big girls expect to be kissed, and the jolly old fellow shakes hands in a style to make my rheumatic shoulder-joint suffer for it; so that, on the whole, there is very fair compensation for the nuisance of having to pack up my carpet-bag and bid adieu for a few days to my own household gods.

This was my case the other day. The post had brought one of the well-known foolscap envelopes with the Lincoln's Inn post-mark. I was wanted by my lawyer about an old matter of trust administration, and was requested to be at his office to meet certain other parties concerned, in the forenoon of the next day but one. Of course I grumbled a little, as all thoroughly domesticated elderly gentlemen are likely to do under such circumstances. Of course it was a great bore to be constantly mixed up with law business of which I understood nothing, and to have to leave the garden just then of all times in the year, when the bedding-out of last year's cuttings was going on. But I will honestly confess that I was all the while conscious of a wish that I might never have any worse subject for grumbling. I was not altogether sorry to have an excuse for a run up to town, for it was some time since my last visit, and there were plenty of things I wanted to see, among the rest this ghost, that seems to have taken up all the exhibition room in London. I should have been ashamed to make the journey on purpose, and my housekeeper, Deborah, is far too sharp to allow of my sneaking off under false pretences.

It was therefore with only a moderate assumption of the air of a victimised person that I gave my farewell directions to Deborah, and the gardener. They both do pretty much as they choose when I am absent (or present, for the matter of that), but it looks well to enter into particulars, and I like saving appearances; so George was told how far to proceed with his bedding, and promised the aid of any hints as to the arrangements of color that I might be able to pick up at the Crystal Palace. Deborah was charged in general terms to keep all safe and see that nothing went wrong, and both were practically left to their own devices till they should see me again.

On arriving at the house in Bayswater I was received by the mistress of the establishment, who told me that her husband had been most inopportunely summoned into Cornwall. Had he known that I was coming, which, not being a prophet, he, of course, could not have known, some excuse might have been forthcoming, and he might have managed to stop in town. "And I only wish he had, I only wish he had known," said Mrs. Tomkins.

There was an uncommon fervor about her expression, which left no room to doubt that she meant what she said. I looked upon her as being at the moment under the influence of an excess of hospitality, and thanked her accordingly. She knew how delighted I should have been to find the whole party at home, including Dick from the West Indies, and little Tom from school. The more the merrier in that house.

"But," said I, "we must make the best of it, and rub on under difficulties. Here are you as large as life; you haven't been summoned into Cornwall, no more has Lucy there, nor little Dick."

"No, we haven't," she replied; "but I almost wish we had been. To tell you the honest truth, I do believe that had it not been for your visit, I should have packed up our things and been off this very day."

This sounded queer, and but for the perfect frankness of our intimacy, would have been perhaps rude. I won't say that it did not make me a little uncomfortable. "This comes," thought I, "of doing things in a hurry. What an ass I was not to have left time for an answer." But then I never did leave time for an answer on these occasions; so all I could do was to make a resolution, with a mental note thereof at the moment, never again so to commit myself to the tender mercies of contingencies.

And then again, what could be the pressing business calling on them both to leave London just at that time? I knew their affairs pretty well, and was perfectly aware of the nature of the call into Cornwall, and that it was what did not in the least require the presence of the wife. And yet it would take a good pull to get her so far from home; she was not much given to roaming about the country.

I fancy that I stared at hearing her speech, and eyed her open-mouthed for something like that brief space of time that is defined as being "the twinkling of a bed-post." I thought she looked queer. There was unusual excitement in her eye, and her cheek was flushed. I looked from mother to daughters. Flora, the eldest, looked conscious and amused; Mary, the second, looked frightened; and the young fry much as they always did, bursting with uproarious merriment: but so they would in a beleaguered town, or a foundering ship.

I could not be wrong in leaving them to act as though unfettered by my presence.

"You shall go," I said, "if you really want to go, not one minute later on my account. Get your things ready, and I'll see you off to the station at once."

"Oh, yes, mamma, do go," cried Mary.

"Nonsense, mamma, don't think of such a thing," said Flora.

"Girls, be quiet, do," said the mother. "How am I to know whether I am standing on my head or my feet if you pull me to pieces in this way? This is how they have been going on all the morning," said she, turning to me; "one says one thing and the other says another, till really I'm in that state that I'd thank anyone to order me what I am to do."

"Well," said I, "I'll soon do that. Pack up your things and be off to your husband, and on our way down to the station you shall tell me what it's all about—that is to say, if you desire so to do, and if I can be of any use to you."

"No, that will never do. Jack (that was her husband) would not forgive me in a hurry if I were to leave you to an empty house, and what's more, I could not forgive myself."

"There would be the children," I replied; "we should get on capitally. Besides, there's plenty of room for me elsewhere in London."

"Oh, no," shouted the little ones in chorus. "You must not go elsewhere, you must stop here."

"Do stop," said Polly; "and mamma, do you go, it would be such fun, I should be mistress."

"Oh, no, mamma, pray," cried Flora, as though in actual terror, "you must not go; or if you do, we must go too."

"We will none of us go," said mamma. "Here we are, and here we will stop. Now you little ones be off to the school-room. You, Polly and Flora, may remain, and amongst us we will try to explain our mystery, and perhaps from amongst the multitude of counsellors we may manage to get a little wisdom."

The little ones vanished, and the rest of us proceeded, with a degree of formality that really was awe-inspiring, to open our *seance*. We took seats close to one another round the fire. Polly tittered a little, but the mother and Flora looked solemn enough to frighten one.

"Read this," said Mrs. Tomkins, taking out of her pocket a letter. "Goodness gracious, what have I done that people should send me such letters?"

It ran thus:—

"Madam,—A sincere well-wisher desires to give you timely notice of mischief that will happen to you if you do not take care. Enemies are about you. Trust no one, and remember thieves!"

"No signature," I observed. "Do you recognize the hand?"

"Not the least in the world: but that was hardly to be expected, for of course it is disguised."

"I know who it is," said Polly; "it's a trick of Sally Temple's, and it's just like her. She knows papa is away, and so thinks she can frighten poor dear mamma out of her senses."

"No such thing," said Mrs. Tomkins; "it's the kind of letter they send in Tipperary before they shoot the landlords, only your papa is not a landlord, that's one comfort."

"Not to the tenants, mamma," rejoined Polly; "for I'm sure it would be a comfort to them to have such a nice landlord as he would be."

"What's the post-mark on the envelope?" I asked.

"None," was the reply. "It was handed in at the door, and the messenger took himself off, saying there was no answer."

"Well, then, of course your plan is to put it in the hands of the police; they will scent out the conspiracy, if conspiracy there be."

"But haven't you seen what is written on the other side? There, read that."

I looked at the reverse of the sheet, and I found this postscript appended to the body of the letter:—

"N. B.—If you go to the police do not show this letter, as it might get those into trouble that you would not like to injure."

"Well," said I, "and do you mean to respect this request?"

"Certainly!" cried Polly; "mamma must respect it. It would spoil the whole fun of the thing to show them the letter, and perhaps get the writer into trouble."

"But," said Flora, "what shall we do? The letter says we must trust no one. We shall have our throats cut by somebody we least suspect."

"Who is the thief?" said Polly. "The letter seems to tell us to look at home. Is it you, Mr. W.?"

This was to me.

"Polly, you silly child, be quiet," said mamma, laughing, however, spite of herself; "it really is no laughing matter, and I am seriously terrified."

We regarded one another with gravity enough for the wise men of Gotham, but nothing very bright in the shape of an idea seemed to be forthcoming. I pitied my poor friend, though I cannot say that I was seriously alarmed on her account; I think it was rather in the light of an annoyance that I regarded the affair. The case seemed one of practical joking; ill-timed, no doubt, and in bad taste, but hardly alarming. Still, occurring in the absence of the husband, it was calculated to frighten the feminine community.

I must be constitutionally slow, for in all cases of emergency I find others flying off to do something before I have made up my mind as to what ought to be done. A French novelist has devised a character whose golden rule is, In all such cases to do nothing, but to let difficulties solve themselves. I think I must be a cousin of that gentleman's, for such is very much my line of action. There were one or two bright ideas that did present themselves to me on this occasion, and the wonder is that I did not speak them out, but I suppose the girls were too quick for me. One doesn't like to commit oneself in a hurry, and there would have been no revoking such a step as appealing to the police, or sending to the Wellington Barracks to request the loan of a file or two of soldiers.

I think I first tried my hand (when at last I did speak) at a little general consolation. We were, thank goodness, not in a land of ribbandism and threatening letters; we had policemen and bolts and bars, with all the newest improvements. Moreover, they were no longer in the unhappy state of unprotected womanhood, for there was I to protect them, to share their dangers, and scare away evildoers.

The wicked little Polly was evidently laughing in her sleeve as I spoke. Was she thinking of my silvery head and gouty foot? Was she thinking "*non tali auxilio*?"

"It's a great thing having you with us, to be sure," said Mrs. Tomkins. "A man's always a man; but the letter warns us against people who live about us, and any such people would know that you are not very young, nor strong."

"Well, then, let us examine our dangerous ground; let us take all the persons in and about this place, and try whether we can hit on any one subject. If we really can find no way out of this perplexity except by aid of the police, you must not sacrifice your peace and quiet to a vain scruple about a person unknown."

We proceeded to review the establishment. First, there was the man Robert, who used to come in to clean boots and knives; he had been in the house but a short time, but he was so backed up with unexceptionable references, and besides, so well known to a personal friend, that it was not possible to suspect him. The cook was an elderly person, who had entered their service as a girl; there was no mistake about her. Then came Jane, the name was new to me.

"Who was Jane?"

"Oh, did I not know Jane? That was owing to her absence down at St. Leonards at the time of my last visit. She had been ill, poor thing, and they had given her six weeks' change of air at the sea-side. She was quite beyond suspicion, for if signs and tokens were to be worth anything, there was not one of their household so attached to them as was Jane."

It seemed that she was the housemaid, upper housemaid you might say, as there was a younger girl under her. She had come with high recommendation from a lady in Suffolk, and from the first moment of her entering the house had taken to them uncommonly. They, too, had been much pleased with her, and circumstances had so turned out as to afford them opportunity of being kind to her. Her health had failed, and they had nursed her, and eventually sent her down to St. Leonards, where she had recovered strength.

"But not her cheerfulness," added Mrs. Tomkins, "I never saw a girl more changed in this respect. She has been wonderfully depressed for some time now, though I never was more struck by it than immediately after her return from St. Leonards. I think you may put her out of the question so far as this matter is concerned; besides, I am sorry to say that she has given me warning, and what's more, she obstinately refuses to tell me why."

I was interested in this account of the housemaid, and asked a good many questions about her. I saw that Mrs. Tomkins was seriously hurt at the girl's reticence, considering it a symptom of ingratitude. Moreover, it was an unfortunate juncture for a change in the household, and for replacing by a stranger one whom they regarded as a faithful and even affectionate servant. The girl was not even disposed to wait for the customary period of warning, but wanted to go at once.

"And refuses to say why or wherefore," said my friend. "I've almost gone down on my knees to her, but nothing that I can say or do seems to have any effect."

"Does she know that you have received a threatening letter?"

"I've never told her, but perhaps she may have heard us talking. I've sometimes fancied it must be so, and that she is afraid of remaining."

It seemed a pity that a poor girl should lose a comfortable place for such a silly reason, and inconvenience everybody about her needlessly; to say nothing of the misery to herself of yielding up herself to nervous terror. I volunteered to talk to her, and in Tomkins's absence, as an old family friend, bring her to reason if I could. It was just possible, too, that she might know something about the threatened danger, and have better grounds for her apprehension than we supposed. So this was the point of our investigation, at which we cried our first halt. Jane was to be sent up to me, and in order that I might have a fair field for my inquisitorial functions, the rest were to get out of the way.

Up she came, a good-looking girl as you would wish to see, neatly dressed, clean and proper in her person, staid in her demeanor. As I looked carefully into her face, I perceived marks of the nervous agitation for which I had been disposed to give her credit. Not being a physiognomist or a physiologist, I could not exactly define what the symptoms were, but by the instinct of human sympathy I felt that she was a soul in trouble.

"Come in, Jane," I began, "and shut the door." She obeyed, and advancing some couple of steps, stood looking at me.

"Jane," I said, "you know that I am a very old friend of the family, and can talk about their concerns almost as if it were your master himself. I have come unexpectedly to pay them a visit, and find them in some trouble; among other matters I find that you have determined to leave them, and at once. Is it so?"

It was so.

"Now then, you must tell me why you want to go in such a hurry?"

No answer was forthcoming to this challenge, and her mouth was resolutely screwed up to the expression that no answer *should* be forthcoming.

I went through no end of suggestive questions. "Was she affronted at anything?" "Was the place too hard for her?" "Had anything or anybody gone wrong?"

My ingenuity was baffled at every point. Not one word of explanation could I elicit. According to her version nothing had gone wrong, and nobody had given her offence; everybody had been most kind to her, and she would do anything to serve them. This she asserted with suffused eyes.

"And yet, my good girl, you throw them all into tantrums by taking yourself off in this mysterious way, without a word explanatory of your motives. Do you think, Jane, this is a proper return for their kindness?"

She winced a little at this, and the tears began to flow, and she was still more moved as I proceeded to dwell on the fact that the family were in trouble, and in loneliness.

I then asked her whether she was afraid of anything, or had any idea of impending risk which she might avoid by quitting her present habitation. The supposition appeared to excite her indignation. She muttered words from which I collected that she only wished she could avert their dangers by sharing them, but she said nothing distinctly, and maintained her stubborn demeanor.

I told her, advancing thus step by step, that danger actually was, or at least appeared to be, impending over the family, and that, under the circumstances, for her to go away would be to withdraw a comfort from them.

But all was useless. She must go, and she would go, and "a happy thing" she muttered it would be for them when she was gone.

She insisted on being allowed to go at once, and turned a deaf ear to all my representations of the unkindness of leaving the family in distress for immediate attendance. Her resolution was evidently fixed, but at the same time I could see about her indications of such sorrow and distress, that I felt quite certain that some deep motive was at the bottom of her resolve.

Of course the girl could go if so she willed it, and certainly she had a right to keep her secret, if such were her determination. But I had begun to feel a deep interest in the case, and somehow had worked myself into the conviction that it was of importance that I should succeed in making her unfold her mystery. She was, besides, worth saving for her own sake. But what more could I do? What force of suasion remained in reserve?

None that I could call into requisition, but it appeared that there was a more powerful agent than myself. Little Minnie, who had been sent off to play in the school-room, burst in upon our *tete-a-tete*.

With a hop, skip, and a jump she was about the girl's neck, nearly upsetting her in her vehemence.

"Jane," she cried, "dear Jane, you shall not go."

The child was crying abundantly, and spoke with all the inconsiderate vehemence of childhood. Somebody had told her that their favorite was going, and hither on the moment she had rushed. Children are generally pretty eager, and have but slight consideration for obstacles, but I think I never saw such a desperado for the moment as poor little Minnie.

"Jane, you shall not go," sobbed she out; "promise me this minute, promise."

It was evident that the child's pleading was far from ineffective. I thought at the moment that it would not have moved me much under the circumstances, except to anger. I am afraid that I should have pushed her off—gently, I hope, but still I think I should have pushed her off.

Jane, however, felt differently. Like all kindly-hearted women, she retained, under all difficulties, her sympathy with childhood. She returned the child's caress, and began herself to sob; anon tears trickled down her cheeks, and gave hopes that her obstinacy was being shaken.

But it was not much she said when she did speak; a soothing word or two to the child was all that was forthcoming. She stuck to her text, and all that poor Minnie could get out of her was a promise that she would come and see them.

"Boo! boo! oo!" sobbed Minnie, "but I want to go and see you too."

"No, miss, you cannot do that; it is too far."

"Then I must write to you: tell me where I must write."

Jane seemed to ponder a moment, and then assented to the proposal. She would put down the address if Miss Minnie would bring her a pen and paper.

"Write to this direction, Miss Minnie, and I shall get the letter."

The child brought the paper to me. She was spelling it over, and stuck at one of the words.

"What's this?" she said, "an *l* or a *d*?"

I took it in my hand to solve her difficulty. Goodness gracious! What a light flashed on me in a moment. I saw, with a force of conviction amounting to absolute certainty, that the writing was the same as that of the anonymous document.

In fact, I ought to have mentioned that in respect of handwriting I was almost a professional expert. It is a particular talent, perhaps I should say the one and only talent, with which I am endowed; but this one power I do possess in an unusual degree. I saw in a moment that it was Jane herself who had given the anonymous warning. Certain it is that my color rose, or that I started, or did something else to prove that I was not a mere statue.

Jane's quick eye caught the sign in a moment, and putting down the child she made for the door, as though to escape. Her look had suddenly become that of detected guilt.

I stood between her and the door, and peremptorily motioned her back. As though in defect of moral force she obeyed, and stood waiting the next act of the drama.

"Minnie," I said, "we are busy now, and you must go back to the school-room. I will take care of this address, so off with you."

And I lifted her out, and shut the door.

I turned to Jane, but before I could speak one single word to her, she had cowered beneath the altered expression of my face. Lower and lower sank her head, and more and more violently trembled her knees, till at last she fairly was kneeling on the floor, and this before I had spoken one single word.

After all, what did I know? Might not the letter have been written without guilty complicity? Perhaps the whole affair was merely the working of some morbid sensibility on the mind of the sick girl, a residuary symptom of her St. Leonards illness.

This was beyond my power to answer. One thing I did know, that with good or evil intent the two documents had been written by the same person, and that she was there in that room before me.

As I knew, so I spoke.

"Jane, you wrote that letter."

"What letter?" she murmured with a poor attempt at non-comprehension.

"That letter which has thrown the family into trouble. You know you did, and you feel that I know you did, and that no attempt at evasion can succeed."

And evidently she did feel it. She writhed in anguish on the floor, and bitterly wrung her hands, but did not reiterate denial. Her pale lips, parting voiceless, moved me to compassion, and I advanced to ring the bell.

"No," she gasped, "call no one. You have discovered my secret, though I cannot understand how. Let it be confined to you, at least for the present, till I get out of the way—away from those faces that I love so dearly, and that kill me with self-reproach."

With a great effort she obtained the mastery over her muscles, and knelt upright. In spite of my endeavors and even entreaties she kept that posture, and with clasped hands and piteous eyes, and deep distress of soul, she poured forth her confession.

"What can be coming?" thought I to myself in the brief moment that left room for expectancy. Who could divine what the poor girl was about to unfold? Yet strange as it may appear, I beg to say that such a confession was actually made, and it is much to be feared that all the premises on which it proceeded are yet existing in full force. Her revelation brought to light a condition of things which we should hardly think to be within the limits of possibility in this our generation.

In substance this is what she said: She had been, in consequence of sin in early youth, thrown on the world without a character. They who had first tempted her to evil stepped in as helpers in her hour of need: they were able and willing to find her all that she wanted. She had forfeited genuine recommendations, but they proffered her spurious substitutes, so cunningly contrived as to defy detection, and so laudatory in kind as to carry by storm the best places. They abundantly supplied her with money and dress, and all those things which foolish servant-girls love. In return they required from her coadjutorship in a grand scheme of evil-doing. They were neither more nor less than a cleverly organized association of thieves, having ramifications all over the country, and working systematically. To them were to be attributed most of the plate-robberies and housebreakings that took place throughout the country; as, in fact, they were as powerful for action in Cornwall as in London, and this in consequence of their affiliations throughout the length and breadth of the land. Their plan was to send emissaries of their own into families, or to win over actual servants, and through their means obtain access to houses. Of course their information kept them posted as to the most promising speculations and the most likely time of operation. Their system of realizing the value of their spoil was such as to divest the proceeding of almost all risk of detection, and the general result of their policy was that they plundered and prospered.

Now, all this has been put in the *past* tense because I have been speaking historically of what took place at a given time. But that time was *very lately*, and so *far* as the fact goes, I might have spoken in the *present* tense. Such things *are*, I am sorry to say, at the present speaking.

You may imagine how I opened eyes and ears at this story. Could I believe it? Was Ali Baba really *redivivus*, and was this a new Morgiana risen somehow to thwart their plans and smother the whole gang in an appropriate number of pots, or otherwise in manner more conformable to modern civilization? Was it a hoax? Alas! Could I look on that agitated form, crouching on the ground before me, and believe her to be otherwise than earnest? Still, the notion was too monstrous; the police would never stand such a thing, they would soon find out and counteract any such combinations. In short, it was nonsense, and impossible, and not to be accepted under any circumstances. It was easier to believe poor Jane the victim of some mental delusion; she had been ill, she might be beside herself.

I thought I would test her tale by a little cross-questioning; so, with as soothing an expression as I could throw into my voice, I said that it was a strange story, but that, after all, she need not be so dreadfully agitated. Even supposing all this to be true, I did not see that actual harm need accrue to anybody in consequence of her proceedings. She had fallen into bad company, but now desired to stand free; she had not aided and abetted the doings of the gang, and might stop quietly where she was for the future.

"No," she cried, in bitter anguish; "that may not be. I would gladly give my life if it might be. I have received the summons to action, which, so far as I am aware, has never yet been disobeyed, and which could be so only with certain destruction of all that makes life worth having, if not of life itself.

"The summons to action?"

"Yes. I have been ordered to get things ready, and to leave the pantry window open, and to give those I now love more than all the world put together, to the mercies of ruffians."

"Then just tell them," said I, trying a little good-humored banter, "tell them, with my compliments, that you'd rather be excused, and that you beg them to keep their messages to themselves for the future. In sober earnest, remember that you are under the protection of society, and that any attempt to prevent your freedom must be defeated."

But bitter tears and passionate exclamations were all the response that my encouragement could elicit, and then came the revelation that proved poor Jane's fears to be well-founded, and which may serve to show how an unfortunate delinquent is apt to become hopelessly entangled in the toils of evil-doing. I think it enabled me to appreciate, as I never before had appreciated, the misery of many of our professed thieves. In the light of such explanation one can understand how it comes to pass that so many persons persevere in a course that they know must be infallibly leading them on to a miserable catastrophe. Headstrong or foolish vice may give the original impulse, but we may depend upon it that nothing but *relentless force* can retain in such subjection. We sometimes hear of the mode and degree in which the ticket-of-leave man is dogged by the police, and how, on his attempting to return to honesty, he finds an ever ready finger in his way pointing him out as untrustworthy. This would seem to be as nothing to the surveillance exercised by the secret associations of thieves.

Their method of proceeding is apparently this: Through the instrumentality of individual members they discover and tamper with likely subjects, at first proceeding without direct persuasion to dishonesty. They open their trenches against such points as frivolity and vanity; they entangle in some fault, and then, in the consequent distress and destitution, come forward in the character of friends. A new place, we will say, is obtained by false recommendations supplied by them. As to this there is no difficulty, for they have correspondents all over the country, ready to answer any inquiries, and so are enabled to furnish the most unexceptional recommendations. This preliminary over, there remains no more difficulty in their dealing with their victim, nor any concealment as to the real nature of their doings. The person is simply told that she (or he) must now act as directed, under pain of denouncement for the offence already past. The object, then, is to get them committed to some grave offence against the law, which, under the circumstances, is seldom difficult. From that point there remains for the law-breaker nothing but a life of continual transgression under the most hateful constraint, till the convict hulks or the gallows close the scene.

All this I gathered from Jane, and such was the reason why she refused to be comforted; why kind and earnest friends, friends who would go through great difficulties to serve her, were of no avail in her extremity. They might save her from external assaults, but they could not save her from herself, they could not annul her own doings. She had been under that dreadful influence, led into an abyss from which there seemed to be no refuge. Sobbingly she told me of the first girlish indiscretion which had led to her loss of place and character, and how she had accepted of evil aid to reinstate herself. Thenceforward the descent had been rapid, and at that time of speaking to me, she stood implicated in the guilt of a robbery that was enough to transport her for life. Since coming to my friend Tomkins's, a change had been brought over her spirit; she had learned to love the family, and the wondrous transmutation that love will work had been wrought in her. She longed to leave violence and wickedness, and to return into the way of peace. But the mandate had been received by her which she dared not disobey, and which it would be worse than death to obey. For this reason it was, and for this reason alone, that she sought to withdraw herself from her present place. She had not dared to make a full disclosure to her mistress, but had written her such a letter as she thought likely to put her on her guard, and perhaps prevent the evil issue.

"But why not cut the matter short," I cried, "why not let me go at once to the station and give such information as would lead to the apprehension of the whole gang, and stop their trade for good and all?"

Jane turned pale, even through her former pallor.

"You do not understand, sir, how these things are managed, and how impossible it seems for me to stir hand or foot. What credit would be yielded to the statement of a girl who could be proved to have been concerned in at least one case of housebreaking? All I should gain would be the prison for myself; nay, so thoroughly are we beset that I have a misgiving that somehow this my confession to you is, or very soon will be, known to those who will take no expiation but my life."

This seemed really like bringing back the old *vehme gericht* of the troubled days of the Empire, with this notable difference, that whereas the old tribunal enforced the rule of right, these desperadoes pursued the enforcement of the wrong. I do not know whether many of the present generation have read Fielding's "Jonathan Wild," or any other particular account of the thief-taking associations of the last century. I have read them, and so was better prepared to take in this situation. I understood that we, in our day of advanced civilization, and preventive and detective proficiency, have in our midst criminal associations scarcely less malignant than those of which Jonathan Wild was the dominant spirit.

A pretty story it was altogether, enforced by the aspect of that poor girl cowering before me in despair, averting her face and refusing to be comforted. Little had I suspected that anything like this would be the result of my first attempt to play the detective. What on earth I was to do I could not think.

It was necessary, at all events, to call in Mrs. Tomkins, and let her know the result of our *tete-a-tete*. We must also telegraph to the husband, and amongst us all contrive some plan of safety for Jane. She was evidently in the wildest terror, and felt that her life was no longer safe. Mixed up with this sort of perturbation, in her case was also the misery of having to stand before the family in a criminal light. However, the thing had to be done, and done it was, though it proved to be a more gradual process than I had expected. This kind of thing takes a long time in the explanation; you do not take in the idea all of a moment, when bidden to understand that some one, whom you have been wont to regard as blamelessly praiseworthy, is criminally punishable. Certainly, the family did not show quickness of apprehension on the occasion; for I had to repeat my story (at least the main facts) over and over again. When they did comprehend the predicament, they were, as may be supposed, much excited, but, I was glad to see, by no means moved to anger against Jane. She, poor penitent, had no word to say for herself, but having exhausted her energies in very sorrow, and in the confession to me, stood the image of mute despair.

I do not know that it would particularly interest anybody to follow out the family history, except so far as Jane is concerned. I may as well tell how it was that we got her off to a place of safety, at which we hope she has already arrived, there to live peaceably and secure from evil.

The girl herself declared that for her there was no safety in England; the men who held her in their power would punish her defection with denouncement to the authorities, or even assassination. Some little persuasion on our part overcame her objection to our making any application to the police; but she declared to us that if we wished to save her from destruction, we must previously provide a place of refuge for her. Nowhere in England could this be, the combination against her was too powerful, and their means of obtaining information too extensively reticulated, to allow of hope at home. She must go abroad, where in a new country and under a new name she might lurk unobserved till patient continuance in well-doing should have wrought out for her a new standing. This her friends undertook to manage, and much more than this they would have been willing to undertake if necessary. In short, on reviewing the whole affair in family conclave, when Tomkins himself had returned, they came to the conclusion that whatever the guilt of the girl had been, she, as a penitent, and, moreover, as an actual benefactor to themselves, was entitled to their best offices.

But all this refers to after-doings: at the moment decisive action was required. I was sanguine enough to fancy that the headquarters of the gang might be broken up by prompt action. Off I went to the police-station. Mr. Superintendent was summoned to me, and listened blandly to my story—listened without the slightest emotion, just as your doctor does to the symptoms of small-pox or measles. He was not the least taken aback, saw no difficulty in accepting the account, but immense difficulty in dealing with it. He explained that the real master-minds of such companies were not likely to be accessible to their researches. They (the police) might get hold of an inferior agent or two, but even this they might miss, and the attempt would give the alarm to the chief offenders. By very cautious detective proceedings it was not impossible that they might do something, but that would be necessarily by a cautious process.

He perfectly understood the fix in which my informant stood; in fact, he volunteered the assurance that I might expect to find her given up to justice on some well-authenticated charge. "Always supposing," he added, "always supposing that the young woman does not get out of the way in time." He did not actually advise me to get her out of the way, but the hint was intelligible.

"This, of course, was the first necessity to be looked to. There were yet some six-and-thirty hours to intervene before the time fixed for the robbery. The be-telegraphed Tomkins had time to rejoin us. He was very fond of Jane, and disposed to do all that might be possible for her. As he considered himself clearly indebted in a pecuniary point of view, he paid her salvage for property preserved. She was sent down to Liverpool at once, and placed on board a ship bound for Melbourne, where, as I said before, we hope she has safely arrived, and where her future will not be neglected.

Perhaps it was premature sending her off before we had verified her story, but it was verified in due time. Mr. Superintendent of Police and his myrmidons improved their chance to the utmost. The stipulated window was left open on the appointed night, and three big villains, stepping into the clutches of our watchful guardians, were handcuffed and marched off to the cells before they could say Jack Robinson. These fellows were convicted, as they richly deserved to be, but I have not heard that any of the leaders of the gang have been taken. Doubtless, as Mr. Superintendent said, they are slippery gentry, and the looking of them up is a delicate matter. But who knows that it will not be contrived yet?

Meanwhile, I have learned a lesson, and should be happy to teach it to others, if so it may be: "Never receive an inmate into your family on the strength of written testimonials, whose authenticity you have had no opportunity to verify."

AN OLD MAN.

A Heavy Joke on a Rebel Newspaper.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, in giving a description of Gen. Rousseau's great raid, details the following:—

"On the 13th ult., the raiders arrived at Ashville, having had the pleasure of skirmishing most of the way. The Ashville Vidette, a rebel sheet of no mean circulation in Alabama, was just ready to go to press. The boys in blue took possession of the office, made the rebel devils unlock the forms, when the editorial column was abstracted, and a new one inserted in its stead. The first editorial, as prepared by the Yankees, announced 'the arrival of distinguished gentlemen, Major-General Rousseau and staff,' but it added that it 'was very uncertain how long they would stay.'

"The second editorial was a most withering satire on Jeff. Davis and his cabinet, denouncing them all as repudiators, scoundrels, devils, and malefactors, the offscouring of Goths and Vandals. Then followed a brief summary of recent Union victories. Persuaded by force of arms, the rebel printers sullenly made up the forms again, and then worked off the paper as usual. As the Yankee editorials were placed under the rebel editor's name, it is thought he will be arrested for publishing 'treasonable matter,' before he can possibly make an explanation, for his paper was circulated, and his office demolished!"

☞ To Stop Bleeding of the Nose.—Extraordinary as it may appear, a piece of brown paper, folded and placed between the upper lip and gum, it is said, will stop bleeding of the nose.

☞ Northern people know little of the terrors of confederate conscription. A Southern Unionist says he has seen a small farmer drive into one of the county towns of North Carolina with his wife and two children in his one-horse wagon, and be pulled out of it with scarcely a word by the conscripting officer, and hurried off to the conscripting camp, with hardly a chance to say good-bye to his family, who may never see him again.

☞ An Effective "Pain Killer."—Melville A. Bronson, of Fall River, Mass., died very suddenly on Monday evening. He applied some pain killer to a defective tooth, and a few minutes after raised his hand to his head and exclaimed, "O, my head!" fell forward on the floor, and died almost instantly.

NICE GIRLS.

Perhaps there is no designation which young ladies in general would prefer to the expressive one of—a Nice Girl.

There are elegant girls, charming girls, fascinating girls, good girls, agreeable girls, amiable girls, pretty girls. Yet none of these are precisely what is known and acknowledged under the denomination of *nice* girls. A nice girl has frequently one or all of the attributes possessed by these; but sometimes she has none, not even the prettiness, for who has not heard a positively ugly girl admitted, by common consent, to be "*very* nice"? and heard also the phrase "Well, she is a pretty girl, but she is not a nice girl by any means?"

There are many varieties of nice girls. Different people have their own ideal of what a nice girl ought to be like; but there are some realities which are universally accepted as standards of taste.

No one can possibly deny that the "fast girl" is nice. From the topmost feather on her dainty bonnet or brigand hat, to the extreme tip of her tiny boot, she is emphatically nice. There is one disadvantage from which this nice girl suffers, which is, that her chief claim to be considered nice consists in her being always elaborately dressed in the height of the fashion. Take any other nice girl, and she would be nice even if she twisted up her hair in curl papers, and discontinued crinoline; but the fast girl is nothing without the bewildering adjuncts of the toilette. Her bonnets or her hats—for she equally favors both—are always of the most coquettish shape; her hair is invariably arranged with the utmost care to the utmost advantage, in the mode of the day; her complexion is brilliant red and white (and if you detect a suspiciously powdery "fluff" on her cheeks, she will tell you, with enchanting candor, that she is obliged to use a little violet powder to guard her skin from the injurious effects of the sun and wind); her mantles, jackets, and paletots are always perfect marvels of beauty and ingenious taste; her dresses are exquisitely and faultlessly made; her hoops are immense; and her petticoats—articles in which she is particularly extravagant—are radiant examples of what pattern-designers and dyers are capable of achieving. She is tolerably fluent with her tongue, and is not unfrequently smart in dialogue, gaining the reputation of being a wit, though it must be confessed that she rarely utters anything worth repeating or recollecting; she dashes over the keys of a pianoforte in such a helter-skelter style that her admirers give her credit for being a scientific performer; she is a good dancer, and sometimes rides well, enjoying the exercise, as it shows off herself and her riding-habit and her jaunty hat; she can do fancy work well when she pleases, and is fond of embroidering slippers, smoking caps, braces, tobacco pouches, and similar objects, disdaining anything of a more useful description. Being incessantly in need of excitement, she is in her greatest glory when at some fashionable watering-place, or in the whirl of amusement, at races, balls, regattas, or other public diversions, and is apt to be a little cross-grained in private, when nobody—at least nobody that she cares about—is near to observe her change of temper. But she is fast, and extravagant, and giddy, and undoubtedly given to flirtations which never seem to lead to anything.

Quite an opposite style of nice girl is the languid, novel-reading, ball-frequenting nice girl. She is inane in her conversation, and to look at her eyes one might easily fancy her to be a perpetual somnambulist. She walks as if she floated, and was not in the habit of moving by any voluntary action beyond that of a slight exertion of will. No matter on what subject you try to interest her, she replies by raising her beautiful lashes, and half-opening her eyes—large, dark, dreamy orbs—and saying, "Ah! how strange!" sometimes yielding so far to the exigencies of the moment as to change the adjective. She prefers the milder forms of amusement, such as the theatres (the more exclusive ones), the opera, stately balls, the ring in the park, a saunter on the more sheltered parts of the sands. Anything of a lively nature she stigmatises as a bore, and the pleasures indulged in by her fast contemporary she regards as "Ah! horrid!" She is one of Mr. Mudie's most devoted admirers, and may be seen any morning during the season at the door of his temple in Oxford street, reclining in her mamma's carriage, giving languid directions to the obsequious footman. She does not favor the sea-side much, infinitely preferring quiet old country houses, where all is calm and dignified, and there are sunny terraces, tranquil libraries, romantic cedars, and similar congenial luxuries to be obtained.

The reverse of this species of nice girl is the Diana of the hunting-field, who is high-spirited, a daring rider at brook and bullfinch, and who does not ask for better fun than to dash like an express train 'cross country, and does not object to scramble through thickets and ditches for six hours a day, regardless of the state to which her green or scarlet habit arrives, who is almost as learned as her groom in all that relates to the feeding, physicing, exercising, and breaking of hounds, and the summoning of hunters. She is a feminine Nimrod, and is perfectly irresistible in her riding-habit, her hat, and her tiny gauntlets, though, perhaps, she is scarcely less so when she reaches the drawing-room, or appears in the most bewitching toilette at a hunt-ball.

There is one kind of nice girl who might with justice be called the Re-Raphaelite nice girl, because she is so often depicted by artists of the P. R. school. She is exceedingly dignified, and even aristocratic; she is tall, thin, (slender is the more correct word,) pale, with dark hair arranged in plain bands, large eyes, what is deemed by herself and friends a "Madonna like" face, and a figure which suggests the curiously paradoxical idea of "angular grace." For some reason she is extraordinarily popular with artists of the severe school, novelists, and that class significantly denominated "marrying men." She is curt and disagreeable in her speech, and has a peculiar faculty for uttering the most unpleasant things—stern truths, all for the good of the hearer. She always dresses with the most rigid simplicity in black and white. She wears a white straw hat, (varied in winter by a small black one,) which never appears to be adorned with any trimming; a snow white linen collar, a black silk dress with tight sleeves and white linen cuffs, a black jacket or paletot, (sometimes alternated by a black lama or lace shawl,) dark gloves fitting to a marvel, and a black and white striped skirt, which is rarely displayed, as she is too fond of sweeping draperies to raise her dress often; her toilette is completed by a slim umbrella, of the darkest shade of blue. The list of this nice girl's accomplishments is a short one; she can play the most elaborate pieces by Beethoven and Haydn, but either she will not or cannot sing; she dances quadrilles, but regards the more frivolous branches of the saltatorial art with an eye of severity, and knows that she does not appear to her greatest advantage in the ball room; she sometimes rides, but gardening is her favorite pursuit.

Another species of nice girl does not extort admiration after the fashion of her more brilliant sister. She is lively and fond of jingling keys, and humming or warbling snatches of tunes, and calling to birds and dogs, and is a famous housekeeper. She is rather addicted to blushing, and is somewhat timid, though, when at her ease, she is not unfrequently charged with being brusque. It cannot be denied that she is sometimes a little wild, and may be carried away by her spirits so far as to romp with the children until her face is red and her hair disarranged, for which she is always properly scolded, and of which she is always heartily ashamed. She is more favored by her lady friends and old people than by those self-elected umpires of feminine attractiveness—the young men. Perhaps somebody praises her in the hearing of Charley or Jack, and the said eulogium may gain a reluctant "yes—well—she certainly is a nice girl." But some day the idea occurs to one of them that she is such a *very* nice girl that—that while her more brilliant sisterhood are puzzling themselves as to the best method of entrapping, ensnaring, entangling, or enveigling master Cupid, *this* nice girl is obliged to give her dearest friend notice that her promise to be chief bridesmaid on an important occasion must be immediately redeemed.

There is a nice girl who, at first sight, might seem to nearly resemble the languid nice girl; but in place of being like, no two personages could be more dissimilar. One is all softness, sweetness, languid sensibility, and veils her real selfishness under a treacherous pretence of weak dependence; the other bristles with pride, and locks herself up in the armor of cold reserve. This haughty girl is tall, handsome, stately, dresses to perfection, and carries herself with the suave loftiness of an Empress. She is statuesque in her beauty, and reminds one of Pygmalion's graven "dream of loveliness on stone," peerlessly beautiful, but lifeless and cold—so icily cold, that even those who are most vehement in her praise would as soon think of falling in love with the grand piano at which she "presides" with such surpassing grace, or of sighing for a smile from the goddess Luna, as of losing their hearts to *her*. Her eyes, so large, so dark, so brilliant, seem to search the soul of those on whom she fixes her gaze, and to scare away the timid little lurking Cupid by her disdainful glance. And one cannot resist the fancy that a sneer lends the aristocratic curl to her haughty lip.

There is one kind of nice girl who, by constantly asserting her right, gains the title. She is not pretty, but she has a lively, piquant manner; is a voluble talker, is amusing, if she does not say anything clever, and gives no one time to reflect on the validity of her claim to be considered nice. The general decision on her is, "Well, she is not exactly pretty, but she is a nice girl for all that." She is invariably small, a fact of which she professes to be rather vain than otherwise; she has jet black eyes, like bright beads; black hair, always arranged a l'Imperatrice; small hands and feet; a dark complexion, of which she is in the habit of speaking disparagingly, with the object of extorting remarks about a nut-brown maid and all that sort of thing. She is always well dressed, but she is addicted to an eccentric style of hat; she never wears a bonnet, for, if she happens to put one on, she discovers that she looks "a fright." She plays, sings, and dances indifferently, but sufficiently well to render her a desirable addition to a party; she is always ready to join in any amusement that is proposed, and is of great assistance to a hostess in making an evening go off with eclat. This nice girl, it is to be observed, is rarely an aristocrat, and belongs almost exclusively to the lower middle class.

There are many other varieties of nice girls; and there are also girls who, because they chance to have fine eyes, or curly hair, or small feet, or know how to walk, or can play on the piano with tolerable confidence, or—for any other reason, sufficient to themselves, claim to be elevated to the dignity of being termed "nice." But these belong to a different species altogether.

E. C. C.

☞ The prospect of peace begins to show itself upon the general business of the country, in the form of caution in making new arrangements. The Paris agent of the leading dry goods house of New York city has been withdrawn, the establishment in question declining to be a free purchaser of foreign fabrics in the face of peace and declining gold.

☞ It is not generally known that England sends to this country for brooms, but Sidney Chapin, of Chicopee, has for several years made brooms for a firm in London, and he has just received a large order from a firm in Birmingham, England.

☞ A humorous old man fell in with an ignorant and rather impertinent young minister, who proceeded to inform the old gentleman, in very positive terms, that he never could reach Heaven unless he was born again, and added: "I have experienced that change, and now feel no anxiety." "And have you been born again?" said his companion, musingly. "Yes, I trust I have." "Well," said the old gentleman, eyeing him attentively, "I don't think it would hurt you to be born once more."

☞ A man who had brutally assaulted his wife, was brought before Justice Cole, of Albany, lately, and had a good deal to say about "getting justice." "Justice," replied Cole, "you can't get it here. This court has no power to hang you."

☞ The other day a lady fell from off the Brooklyn boat into the East river; a poor Irishman sprang overboard and rescued her. When she was safe on deck again, her husband, who had been a calm spectator of the accident, handed the brave fellow a shilling. Upon some of the bystanders expressing indignation, Pat said, as he pocketed the money: "Arrah, don't blame the jintleman—he knows best; maybe if I *hadn't* saved her, he'd have give me a dollar!"

☞ Old Father Bushnell, of Vermont, used to say that the best criticism he ever received on his preaching, was from a little boy who sat at his feet, looking up into his face, as he was preaching in a crowded house. As he was going on very earnestly, the little fellow spoke out, "You said that afore!"

☞ How to teach a young dog to swim: Pitch him into a river, and he will learn on the induck-tive principle.

Brilliant Examinations.

The feats of some European scholars in examinations for the higher degrees have often appeared very extraordinary to simple-minded Americans, who were ignorant of the *usus loquendi* of the occasion. Pres. Fairfield, in a letter from Germany, throws some light behind the scenes, which may lessen the wonder:

I may illustrate by a single case, stated to me by an eminent graduate of the University of Berlin. This was in the case of one who applied for the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws (D. C. L.) The applicant in such cases is required to write a Latin thesis, and be prepared to defend it in Latin against all opposers. This is the external of the thing; and it looks like a pretty formidable matter to be required to argue against all who may come, and that, too, in Latin—their objections, also, being presented in the same foreign tongue. But an inside view makes it quite different. The applicant presents his Latin thesis; he may have been months in preparing it. This is then examined by three persons who are appointed to oppose. They write out their argument in Latin; a copy of it is furnished to the applicant, and when he thinks himself ready, having written out with great labor his several replies, the grand pageant comes off. The would-be doctor presents his thesis; each of his opponents in turn attacks him, and he replies to each promptly and felicitously; the gaping multitude declare that it is wondrous learning that can enable a man thus off-hand to talk such Ciceronian Latin, and with as much ease as even Cicero himself. He is crowned victor, and declared worthy to be a doctor. But in the case to which I refer, one of the professors of the university prepared himself to oppose, and did so in an elaborately prepared Latin speech, of which the candidate for university honors had no copy, and, indeed, no intimation, perhaps, beforehand. What was the result? Why, of course, that he did not half understand any of the objections which the professor urged, and when he attempted to reply in Latin, his voice stuck to his jaws most tenaciously, and he who was just now so fluent and so flushed with victory was quite discomfited. The professor worried him for a little while, and then let him pass to his degree. This story is told as a practical joke of the professor, illustrating the fact that no one is expected to talk extempore Latin; and only one in a hundred thousand of the literati does it skillfully. In this case the poor professor exhibited a little personal opposition which he felt to the conferring of the degree upon the individual applying. But the fact that the applicant could not talk Latin off-hand, nor even understand it when another talked it, was not regarded as a fatal objection to his receiving the proposed honor.

Appearance of the Sun from the North Pole.

To a person standing at the North pole, the sun appears to sweep horizontally around the sky every twenty-four hours without any perceptible variation during its circuit in its distance from the horizon. On the 21st of June it is 23 deg. 28 min. above the horizon, a little more than one-fourth of the distance to the zenith, the highest point that it ever reaches. From this altitude it slowly descends, its track being represented by a spiral or screw with a very fine thread, and in the course of three months it worms its way down to the horizon, which it reaches on the 23rd of September. On this day it slowly sweeps around the sky with its face half hidden below the icy sea. It still continues to descend, and after it has entirely disappeared it is still so near the horizon that it carries a bright twilight around the heavens in its daily circuit.

As the sun sinks lower and lower, this twilight gradually grows fainter till it fades away. On the 20th of December the sun is 23 deg. 28 min. below the horizon, and this is the midnight of the dark winter of the pole. From this date the sun begins to ascend, and after a time his return is heralded by a faint dawn which circles slowly around the horizon, completing its circuit every twenty-four hours. This dawn grows gradually brighter, and on the 20th of March the peaks of ice are gilded with the first level rays of the six months' day. The bringer of this long day continues to wind his spiral way upwards, till he reaches his highest place on the 21st of June, and his annual course is completed. —*Scientific American.*

How John Morgan was Caught.—The Richmond Examiner, of the 9th, tells the story of the capture and death of the notorious John Morgan. It seems that he was on a reconnoissance near Greenville, East Tennessee, and using the privilege of a highwayman, took lodgings at an inviting house near the village. This pleasant little house happened to be the residence of a Mrs. Williams, whose husband is an officer on General Burnside's staff. Mrs. William's kept quiet until the guerilla chief fell asleep. Then she hastily procured a horse, rode at full speed for fifteen miles, and returned with a small squad of Union soldiers. Just as they arrived Morgan awoke, and seeing the danger broke from the house, but he was confronted on all sides by bayonets. Desperate at being thus caught by a woman he drew his revolver, swore he would not be taken alive, and undertook to break through the guard. They fired, and John Morgan's career of infamy and blood was finished.

☞ The celebrated Belle Boyd, the Confederate spy, was married in London on the 26th of August, to Lieut. S. W. Hardinge, lately of the United States Navy. The match is a romantic one. Miss Belle, after making several campaigns with Stonewall Jackson, was captured, and imprisoned for thirteen months in Washington, and was finally exchanged. She returned South, and, after fresh adventures, was captured on board the blockade-runner Greyhound, which was placed in charge of Lieut. Hardinge with a prize crew. The lieutenant was captured by his fair captive, was detached from his allegiance to his flag, went to England with the lady, was married, and the gentleman, after the honeymoon, is to enter the service of the Confederate States, if that institution should then be in existence. The bride is said to be thirty years of age, and very charming, as her fascinating Lieut. Hardinge proves.

☞ A contemporary finds fault with the practice of putting Latin inscriptions on tombstones. But what more appropriate place than a grave-yard can there be for a *dead* language?

☞ Four pounds of beef lose one pound by boiling, one pound and five ounces by roasting, and one pound and three ounces by baking. Four pounds of mutton lose fourteen ounces by boiling, one pound and six ounces by roasting, and one pound and four ounces by baking.

A YOUNG MAN GIVES UP

A Beautiful Woman for a Monastic Life.

One day last month there arrived in Paris a young girl of great beauty, high rank, and great fortune, bearing one of the highest names in the aristocracy of England, (says the Paris correspondent of the Court Journal,) and thus continues the narrative:—

"She was accompanied by a numerous suite, and travelled with all the state and ceremony which her high birth and great wealth would justify. She was, however, so plainly and simply attired, so closely veiled, and so modest in demeanor, that those who beheld her stepping into her carriage at the Grand Hotel, where she had alighted, were inclined to mistake her for the humble travelling companion, starting forth to execute commissions for her mistress. The young lady stayed but two days to rest, and then proceeded on to Rome, whither she was hurrying to take the vail, and bury herself forever in a Roman convent. Her story is most interesting, and created the most intense excitement while she was here—the keen susceptibilities of the French enabling them to feel more acutely the value of self sacrifice, whether for love, religion, or duty. It seems that the heroine of our tale had been engaged from earliest youth to be married to her cousin, sole heir to one of the largest fortunes among the Catholic families of the United Kingdom; and although possessing but a small dowry herself, had always looked upon her destiny as fixed, and blessed God each day that it was so; for the man who had been chosen as her husband was the very man to whom her heart and soul had been most freely given. But the young man, on his side, had been early impressed with the vanity of all things here below, and, in spite of himself, felt lured by the promises of peace and happiness held out by retirement from the world. His tastes and desires all pointed to the seclusion of a monastery. The thought of his fair young cousin, by whom he was so much beloved, alone restrained him, and he gave up his own will and consented to the union which was to bring such satisfaction to both families.

"Previous to the wedding it had been agreed that the bride-elect should spend a few weeks at the bridegroom's seat in the north of England. Here the young couple spent much time in each other's society, and esteem increased to admiration on the part of the bridegroom, while love on that of the bride almost amounted to adoration. But the nearer he beheld the awful vortex of the world into which he felt he was about to plunge, the more terrible did the sacrifice appear. So impossible, indeed, did he find it to dissemble his dread, that he at length thought it best to throw himself upon the mercy of the young lady, and owned that he preferred the service of his God to the life of pleasure and satisfied love and ambition he should so securely lead with her. It was a moment of awful despair, and the poor young girl was long in recovering from the shock. Meanwhile the cousin had retired to Rome, and entered one of the convents there as student, to prepare himself for the most arduous duties of the Catholic priesthood. It was not for some months after that, the news arrived that before taking the vows he had made over the whole of his fortune to the young lady of whose misery he had been the involuntary cause. With the announcement of transfer came a letter full of holy thoughts and sweet consolation. He hoped that she would find a worthier match—a more fitting companion for life than he could ever have become; but added, in conclusion—'No earthly happiness can possibly equal the devotion of a whole life to God and the Virgin; and you, dear ——, will one day be of the same opinion.'

"It seemed that these latter words weighed deeply on the young lady's mind. She took to studying the question of a religious life; she rejected every offer of marriage which was made to her—for her beauty and wealth became a source of attraction throughout the whole of Catholic England. She pondered over the various chances of happiness still left, and finally resolved to follow the example of one who was still dearer than all beside to her heart, and seek repose where he had found it. The vast fortune both have rejected is to be employed in the construction of a church at Rome, as it is the intention of the heroine of the tale to enter one of the poorer orders, and forswear all earthly blessings, even the rest and leisure, sole compensation for the privation of family affection in a convent life."

THE LANGUAGE OF COLORS.—The phalansterian school, Fourier's disciples, are the most precise and positive in their opinions. They hold that violet is analogous to friendship, blue to love, as suggested by blue eyes and the azure sky. A bunch of violets would, therefore, tell a lady's suitor that friendship is all he has a right to expect. Yellow is paternity or maternity; it is the yellow ray of the spectrum which causes the germ to shoot. Red figures ambition (vide the planet mars); indigo the *spirit of rivalry*; green the love of change, fickleness, but also work; orange, enthusiasm; white, unity, universality; black, favoritism, the influence exerted by an individual. Certain persons have the gift of fascinating all who approach them; and black, which absorbs all the rays of the spectrum, is the reverse of white, which combines them in one. Besides the seven primitive colors, gray indicates poverty; brown, prudery; pink, modesty; semi-white, feeble of friendship, contempt; lilac (semi-violet), feeble friendship; pale pink, false, shame, &c.—*All the Year Round.*

DEATH OF PARK BENJAMIN.—Mr. Park Benjamin died at his house in this city last week, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, after a brief illness. He was born in 1809, at Demarara, in British Guiana, where his father was a merchant. He studied two years at Harvard, and was graduated at Trinity College, in Hartford, in 1829; began to practice law in Boston in 1832, and was one of the original editors of the New England Magazine. He removed to this city in 1837, and was connected at different times with several journals, the American Monthly Magazine, the New Yorker and the New World. Later he became known as a lecturer; and he was, besides this a frequent contributor, in prose and verse, to the magazines and other journals of the day. His mind was active, his conversation brilliant, and he wrote with remarkable facility and vivacity.—*N. Y. Post.*

☞ "Wouldn't you call this the calf of a leg?" asked Bob, pointing to one of his nether limbs, rather compactly encased in representations of barber's poles and running vines. "No," replied Jim; "I should say it was the leg of a calf."

A Touch of Nature.

A car full of passengers passed over the western railroad, in which a simple but touching scene occurred, worthy of record. One of the passengers was a woman, carrying in her arms a child, who annoyed every one by its petulance and crying. Mile after mile the passengers bore the infliction of its noise, which rather increased than diminished, until it last it became furious, and the passengers nearly so. There were open complaints, and one man shouted, "Take the child out!" The train stopped at a station, and an old gentleman arose and made the simple statement that the father of the child had died recently, away from home; that the mother had been on a visit to her friends, and had died while on the visit; that her dead body was on board the train, and that the child was in the arms of a stranger to it. It was enough. There was a tear in nearly every eye, and all were melted into pity and patience. All selfishness was lost in thinking of the desolation of the poor little wanderer, who would have found a warm welcome in hands that, a moment before, would almost have visited it with a blow.

☞ Two young men of Arles, on the Rhine, were fishing, when one of them offered to wager 10 livres, that he would swallow a live fish. The bet was accepted, and the young man then put a live fish into his mouth, but it stuck in his throat, and all their efforts to extract it proved vain. A surgeon was sent for, but the prickles of the dorsel fin had penetrated so far into the flesh that he also failed to move it. The consequence was that the patient expired after great suffering.

☞ The United States Circuit Court at Philadelphia, have decided that the weight of a ton of coals is 2,240 pounds instead of 2,000 pounds. The Judge ruled that a company of grocers might as well meet and agree to reduce the number of ounces in a pound, and make the smaller number the standard of a pound for their customers, as for coal dealers to agree that the weight of a ton shall be 2,000 pounds, and furnish that amount to their customers.

☞ A gentleman in one of the rural cities of New York, last winter, insured his house, furniture, and "wearing apparel therein." A short time ago he demanded one thousand dollars of the insurance office for "wearing apparel," which had been consumed by fire while on the body of his wife, who was burned to death by the ignition of her clothing by fire from the stove.

☞ There was a female swimming match at Brighton, England, lately, open for all women who chose to compete. The distance was three hundred yards, and the purse was a silver-plated tea-set. Four thousand persons looked on, and there were four entries, but only two competitors finally appeared. They were two sisters, one married and one single, and the married woman beat.

☞ It is said a tribe of Indians that once resided on the banks of the "Chon-gogg-a-gogg-man-chog-a-gogg" river, in the town of Webster, Mass., has become extinct, the younger members having all choked to death in their efforts to pronounce the name of the river.

☞ The London Athenæum gives Tennyson a "sockdologer" for "Enoch Arden." It asks, are young ladies to be trained in the complaisant belief that it is rather a poetical incident to have two husbands living at one time? This question shows that all the fools are not dead yet.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market continues dull. The week's sales foot up some 8000 bbls, chiefly in small lots, at $11,50 for extras, and $12@12,50 for extra family, mostly at $12@12,25 ℔ bbl; fancy brands at $12,75@13, and sour Flour at $10,50. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are quiet, with a few small sales of the former at $10,25@10,50 ℔ bbl

GRAIN comes in more freely; sales of 30,000 bus Wheat to note at $2,45@2,50 for old, and $2,55@2,60 for new reds—The latter for prime Delaware afloat—and $2,75@2,85 for white. Rye is selling at $1,80@1,85. Corn—Sales of 20,000 bus, at $1,71@1,72 for yellow; $1,72@1,71 for Western mixed, and $1,70@1,72 for white. Oats—35,000 bus found buyers at 89@90c for new, and 95c for old.

PROVISIONS—The stock of all kinds are light, and the market firm at $42@43 for Mess Pork and $30 to 38 for Mess Beef, the latter for city packed. Hams are selling in a small way at 21@23c for plain and fancy bagged. Shoulders and Sides are scarce and higher. The former is held at 21c and the latter at 23c ℔ lb. Green Meats, sales of salt Shoulders at 19@19½c, and Hams at the same rates. Lard, small sales are reported at 25@26c for bbls and tcs, and 27@28c for kegs. Butter is unsettled and lower. Penna and Ohio packed selling at 37@43c, and Goshen at 50@55c. Cheese is steady at 24@26c for good and choice dairies, and Eggs scarce and selling at 27@28c ℔ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been unsettled; sales limited to a few small lots at from $1,70 to 1,80 for Middlings, cash.

BARK—Quercitron is unsettled with sales of about 50 hhds to note, at $43@40 for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark is unchanged.

BEESWAX is quoted at 30@32c.

COAL—The market continues dull. Schuylkill White Ash, lump, ℔ ton, $10,50@11,50; Prepared do, $10,50@11,50, Red Ash, $11@11,50; Lehigh, lump, $11,50@12; Prepared, $11,50@12; By retail, do, $13@14; Schuylkill prepared, $12@13.

COFFEE—The market is dull, with a few small sales *only to note*, at 40@31c *for* Rio and Laguayra, cash and time.

COPPER—Sales of Yellow Metal at 50c for sheets, and 54c for bolts, &c., on time.

FEATHERS are offered at 95c ℔ lb for good Western.

FRUIT—The sales are confined to Peaches, and prices range at from 75c to $2 ℔ basket. Apples are quoted at from $1,50 to $3 ℔ bbl.

HAY commands $30 ℔ ton

HOPS are inactive, prices ranging at *from* 28c to 40c *for* old, and 50c to 60c *for* new crop, as to quality.

IRON—The market is dull and prices nominal at $67@72 ℔ ton for the three numbers of Anthracite Pig Metal, cash.

LUMBER is unchanged, but dull at previous rates, with a small business to note in White Pine at $30@31, and Yellow Sap Boards at $27@28 ℔ M.

MOLASSES is more active, but prices are unsettled, and sales of 1,100@1,200 hhds are reported, mostly at 30@41c for Cuba Muscovado, payable in gold.

PLASTER continues scarce at $3,75 ℔ ton.

RICE—We quote Rangoon at 15½@16c ℔ lb.

SEEDS—There is not much Clover seed offering, and the dealers are buying at $13@14 ℔ bus. Timothy is in good demand, and 1000 bus sold at $5@6,50 ℔ bus, mostly at $6 25@6,50 for prime. Flaxseed is arriving and selling, in lots, at about $3,70 ℔ bus

SPIRITS—There is little or nothing doing in Brandy, Gin or Rum, and prices are nominally unchanged. Whiskey is rather firmer, and the sales small at $1,34@1,37 for refined and prime Western bbls.

SUGARS—The market is inactive; the week's sales reach about 850 hhds, mostly Cuba, within the range of 20@23½c, on time.

TALLOW is unsettled at 18½@19c ℔ lb.

WOOL—The market has been almost at a stand still, a few small sales of fleece only are reported at $1,14@1,18 for medium quality. Yarns are dull.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head The prices realized from $13 to 15½ ℔ 100 lbs 4300 Hogs at from $18,00 to 20,00 ℔ 100 lbs Sheep—3500 head were disposed of at from 8½ to 8½c ℔ lb. 125 Cows brought from $25 to 40 ℔ head.

☞ AWFUL WICKEDNESS OF WESTERN EDITORS.—A Western editor whose wife was absent at the East, was deprived of his usual doughnuts. He therefore advertised that he would send his paper one year to the lady who sent him the best peck of home-made doughnuts, and would also mention her name in large type. He had two barrels full furnished, and the mean fellow, not content with his speculation, announced that none of the samples came up to his home standard, and advised the ladies to try again in a month.

A SCIENTIFIC VEGETABLE COMBINATION OF RARE INGREDIENTS—NOT A DYE.

For changing gray hair to its original color.
For promoting its growth and stopping its falling.
For cleansing the scalp, curing dandruff, &c.
For making the hair soft, flexible and glossy.
For preserving the original color to old age.

"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."

Read this Certificate.

I am happy to add my testimony to the great value of the "*London Hair Color Restorer*," which restored my hair to its original dark color, and the hue appears to be permanent. I am satisfied that the preparation is nothing like a dye, but operates upon the secretions. It is also a beautiful hair dressing, and promotes the growth. I purchased the first bottle from Edward B. Garrigues, Druggist, Tenth and Coates streets, who can also testify my hair was very gray when I commenced its use. MRS. MILLER,
No. 720 North Ninth street, Philada.

Such testimony is daily received from all sections of the country. One bottle will satisfy any one that it is entirely different and vastly superior to all other hair preparations. Price 75 cents per bottle; six bottles, $4. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. jy16-sow

VALUABLE AND CONVENIENT.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" are widely known as an admirable remedy for Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, and other troubles of the throat and lungs. They are of great value for the purposes for which they are designed, and it should be known that while they are usually and pleasantly efficacious, they contain no hurtful ingredients, but may at all times be used with perfect safety.—*Boston Recorder.*

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, D. D., THOMAS H. GOODMAN, Esq., to Miss ROSINA BURRELL, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. CHARLES HOPE, to Miss ANNA CLEGG, both of Frankford.

On the 22d of March, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JOSIAH A. GAUNT, to Miss GEORGIANA COLLARD, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. JAMES CAMPBELL, 2d reg't. Pa. Cavalry, to Miss MARGARET BLACK, both of this city.

On the 25th of Aug., by the Rev. Kingston Goddard, T. S. CASSIDY, U. S. Navy, to Miss KATE RYDER, of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. F. T. Caillhopper, Mr. HENRY HUNTERSON, to Miss CAROLINE FRANK, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. JAMES BALLANTINE, to Miss MARY A. CAHAN, both of Ireland.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, MARGARETTA, daughter of the late Michael Sager.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. MARGARET TILLINGHAST, daughter of the late Thos. Dealiver, Sr., of this city.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. JOANNA BENNET, aged 47 years.

On the 11th instant, WILLIAM TRUCKS, in his 34th year.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. MARY A. KERRISON, in her 55th year.

On the 11th instant, ROSANNA, wife of Thos. Griffin, aged 45 years.

On the 10th instant, WILLIAM ELLIOT, in his 31st year.

On the 10th instant, CATHARINE, widow of the late Philip Cressman, in her 75th year.

On the 10th instant, WILLIAM BLAKELY, aged 53 years.

On the 9th instant, ARCHIBALD HARPER, in his 53d year.

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6,000 New Shawls.
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Address C. HEERMAN, M. D., Dean,
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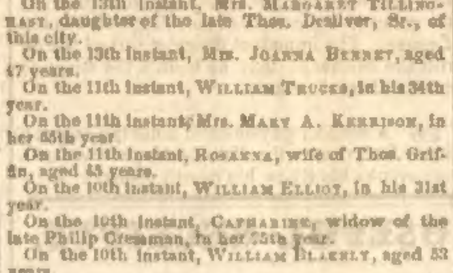

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THE TRUMPET OF FREEDOM.
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The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable three years from August 15th, 1864, with semi-annual interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum,—principal and interest both to be paid in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent. gold bearing bonds, payable not less than five nor more than twenty years from their date, as the Government may elect. They will be issued in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000 and $5,000, and all subscriptions must be for fifty dollars or some multiple of fifty dollars.

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IT IS A NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK, offering a higher rate of interest than any other, and *the best security.* Any savings bank which pays its depositors in U. S. Notes, considers that it is paying in the best circulating medium of the country, and it *cannot* pay in anything better, for its own assets are either in government securities or in notes or bonds payable in government paper.

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But aside from all the advantages we have enumerated, a special Act of Congress *exempts all bonds and Treasury notes from local taxation.* On the average, this exemption is worth about two per cent. per annum, according to the rate of taxation in various parts of the country.

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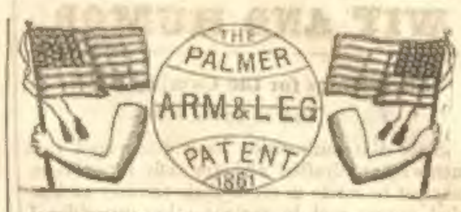

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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
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DIED OF CROUP—WHAT A PRETTY AND interesting child I saw last week! But now, alas! it is no more. Such was the conversation of two gentlemen riding down town in the cars. Died of Croup! how strange! when Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment is a certain cure, if taken in time. Now, Mothers, we appeal to you. It is not for the paltry gain and profit we make, but for the sake of your infant child that now lies playing at your feet. Croup is a dangerous disease; but use Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment in time, and it is robbed of its terrors. Always keep it in the house; you may not want it to-night, or to-morrow, no telling when—but armed with this liniment you are prepared, let it come when it will.
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DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free to any address, on receipt of an order R. G. GRAHAM,
feb27-tf 199 Nassau street, New York City.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Suggestions for the Coming Draft.

BY JO BOWS.

Since the authorities have discovered that men who are drafted and are unfit for soldiers, may yet be made to serve their country as hospital nurses and in various other capacities, I have reflected deeply upon the subject, and am at length enabled to submit the following suggestions, which the government is at liberty to adopt or reject as it pleases.

It is a well-known fact that blind men have the sense of touch more finely developed than those who can see. Draft a few regiments of blind men to *feel* the position and strength of the enemy. No exemptions granted on the ground that they "can't see it."

Blind men and lame men might be drafted together, the blind man to go into battle carrying the lame on their back. "Call you that backing your friends?"—*Shak.*

Men who have lost one, or even both of their arms, should no longer be exempt. Government is prepared to *arm* any quantity of men on the shortest possible notice.

Idiots shouldn't be debarred the privilege of saving their country, in the ranks, when we have so many among our generals.

Draft all the lunatic asylums—the *madder* men get, the better they fight.

Dumb men ought to make the most serviceable soldiers; as they can't cry "quarter," their motto must be "no surrender."

It is absurd to exempt fat men, they are so well calculated to *fill up* the depleted ranks of the army. If you want to crush the enemy by precipitating upon them *large bodies* of troops, let fat men be drafted by all means.

Confirmed drunkards have been objected to because they are not so anxious to whip the enemy as they are to have the enemy *treat*. A regiment of them armed with rifle whiskey and sustained by a battery of delirium tremens, would do great execution—to somebody.

I have not heretofore favored the idea of drafting the other sex, but a brigade of old maids would certainly be useful in *repulsing* the enemy. They are sometimes good in an attack.

By all means draft Congressmen. They might do a little good in the army, and they are of no possible good where they are.

Conscript all lawyers—their *charges* would be most disastrous to the enemy. (This is new.)

A Rocky Mountain Cat.

There lives in the city of E. a certain colored individual, whom we will designate as Jim S. One day he was doing a piece of work for a person by the name of R. After he had finished the job, and was about to depart, he was called by Mrs. R., who said she had something she wanted done. She took him into the kitchen and said, "Jim, do you see that cat?" Jim saw it. "I'll give you a dollar if you get rid of that cat for me."

"Oh yes, yes, I'd as liv do it as not," said Jim.

After receiving the specified dollar Jim took the cat under his arm and walked away. He had not walked far when he was hailed by a neighbor named M.

"What have you got there, Jim," said M.

"Well," said Jim, exultingly, "it's a Rocky Mountain cat, which I paid five dollars for."

(The hair had all fallen off with age, and the children had maliciously cut its tail off.)

M. took the cat, looked at it, and said, "It is a curiosity indeed."

"Yes, 'tis so," said Jim.

"What will you take for it?" says M.

Jim was now in his element. "Well," says Jim, "I can't take less than ten dollars for it."

"Oh, that's too much, Jim," says M.

After considerable "beating down," Jim says, "As I haven't got much time to tend to the thing, you may have it for what I paid for it."

M. paid over the "V," and took his purchase home.

Not long after, Mrs. R. called at M.'s. The first thing she saw on going into the kitchen was the cat.

"Where in the world did you get that cat?" exclaimed she.

"Why," says Mrs. M., "that's a Rocky Mountain cat, that Mr. M. bought of Jim S., the other day. He gave five dollars for it."

Mrs. R. began to laugh, and said, "That's the same old cat I gave Jim S. a dollar to carry off."

Jim S. kept clear of that place for a while.

"SOUR" MOSQUITOES.—Long Tom S———, of the Third Maine Battery, (as brave a soldier and capital a fellow as there is in the army,) tells a story of how thick he once found the mosquitoes in the northern part of Wisconsin, that will convince anybody of his entire truthfulness.

"Muskeetoes!" quoth Tom; "you never saw any in Jersey. I tell you they play 'Susan come,' on the head waters of the Wisconsin."

"Are they any thicker there than in other localities?" we ventured to ask.

"Thicker! Why, man alive, one night when we were looking around for a place to camp, we struck a swarm of regular old heroes, and every time you struck out with your arm it left a hole just as plain as in any of our guns."

"Oh, Tom!" exclaimed a young lady relation, somewhat doubtfully.

"What? You don't believe it? When this war is over, just come along with me, and *I'll show you the hole yet!*"

If anybody has the hardihood to doubt Tom's word after that, he (or she) must be prepared to fight "six-feet-four in his stockings."

THE INDIANS AND THE TELEGRAPH.—It is a noticeable fact, that in all the Indian troubles in the Northwest, the telegraph lines have not been disturbed. When the line between Forts Kearney and Laramie, which are five hundred miles apart, was completed, the superintendent of the line made arrangements for two influential chiefs of the Sioux and Arapahoe tribes to have a talk over the wires, the Sioux being at Fort Laramie, and the Arapahoe at Fort Kearney. After their talk, which pleased them wonderfully, they started on horseback, and after riding two hundred and fifty miles each, met and compared notes, and found their talk of a week before was all real and no illusion. Since then no telegraph wire or pole has been harmed by Indian hands. The Indians know the wonderful power of this discovery, and as they think it has something to do with the Great Spirit, they dare not touch the lines. This is a fortunate fact for the permanency of telegraphic communication in the Northwest.

LISTENERS NEVER HEAR GOOD OF THEMSELVES.

Jones finds the back stair-case at Brown's great party, very valuable in enabling him to find his promised partner—but is rather startled at hearing her say to young Splurge, that "Jones has bored her into the next waltz, but she will show him another card when he comes, and get out of it."

"Rejoice Evermore."

Oh, wonderful and marvellous is the way in which God, day by day, surrounds us—His fallen creatures—with mercies and joys. Oh, grievously sad and strange that we should be so little glad and grateful! that, unacknowledged and unthanked-for, we should receive blessing upon blessing, accepting them as matters of course, perhaps never heeding them at all, till we lament their loss.

I should like to take the sunflower for my emblem, and to have strength and grace given me to turn my face towards the sunshine with which our heavenly Father ever illumines the lot of each one of us. I would not ask freedom from care and trial, but pray that—no matter how heavy and overwhelming my trouble be—I might always have faith to see that God's tender mercies of joys and blessings far outweigh every earthly suffering He, in His almighty wisdom, deems good for me to bear.

Alas! it is upon the dark and shady paths we are so apt to fix our attention. We *will* persistingly turn our eyes to the very deepest, dreariest part of the wood of affliction, and then complain we can see no clear sky, no ray of sunshine! Let us look beyond, to the smiling fields gleaming in golden floods of light, and canopied by heaven's bright blue arch; or climb some hill till we stand above the gloom (our having passed through it will make our after-course appear brighter), and the very leaves and branches which from below looked so sombre and dreary, from above will show brilliant in sunshine.

Oh, believe me, my readers, there is a sunny as well as a shady side to every lot in life. Let it be our aim to trace it out, patiently and prayerfully; and where we cannot see it when we first gaze, let us have faith that it is there—present though hidden.

And so let us go on our way rejoicing and thankful, ever remembering that there is one mercy for which the hymn of praise may at all times ascend—one joy which always endures—one unspeakable gift, the greatness of which, in its height and depth, no one of us can fathom—the promise of eternal life purchased for us by the death and passion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

A Romantic History.

A Saratoga correspondent tells the following story of a young bridal couple, guests at that watering place:—

"In the summer of 1860, Senor B———, the son of a wealthy Cuban planter, was staying at Saratoga. While there he became acquainted with Miss Eugenie F———, daughter of a well-known Mobile banker. The parties became enamored of each other, and all things being satisfactory, became betrothed with the consent of the old folks, and the marriage was appointed for the 16th of Aug., 1861. The lady returned to her home, while the gentleman went back to Cuba to arrange and settle his private affairs, with a view of permanently residing in the United States. About one month before the time appointed for the nuptials to take place, the Mobile banker received and accepted a commission as Brigadier-General in the Confederate service, and in his first battle a few weeks after, received a mortal wound. His sudden death involved the family in cruel embarrassment, and from a state of wealth, they were plunged into comparative obscurity and poverty. Upon this state of affairs being made known to the father of the young man, he broke off the match, and interdicted even the slight correspondence afforded through the medium of blockade runners. Thus matters remained until January last, when the old man dying, left the son free to wed the maiden of his choice. He immediately took passage for, and after several delays reached Mobile. He there found that his intended mother-in-law, overcome with grief, had succumbed to the fell destroyer, and followed her husband to the grave, while Miss F———, was conducting a seminary for young ladies. I need not dilate upon the meeting between the young couple, suffice to say, that the school was given up, the parties married, and in a few days embarking from Wilmington, they arrived in safety at Nassau. From thence they came to New York, and after staying a few weeks, set out for this place, where free from care the young Cuban and his bride, it is hoped, if appearances do not deceive, are enjoying as much happiness as it is fated that mortals shall enjoy on this mundane sphere."

☞ A Dutchman describes New Yorkers as "very fine people who go apout der street, scheating each oder, and dey call dat pizziness."

SOLITUDE.—More and greater sins are committed when men are alone than when they keep themselves in fellowship. When Eve in Paradise walked alone, then came the evil one and deceived her. Whoever is amongst men and in honest company, is ashamed to sin, or, at least, he has no place or opportunity to do so. When David was alone and idle, and went not to the wars, he fell into adultery and murder; and I have myself found that I have never fallen into more sin than when I was alone. Solitariness inviteth to melancholy, and a person alone has often some heavy and evil thoughts, so hath he strange thoughts, and construeth everything in the worst sense. Melancholy is an instrument of the devil, by which he accomplishes his wicked purposes. The deeper a person is plunged into that state, the more power the devil hath over him. To live in an open, public state is the safest. Openly, and amongst other persons, a man must live civilly and honestly, must appear to fear God, and do his duty towards men.—*Luther.*

☞ An apothecary's clerk in Chicago was called up at two o'clock the other morning by the ringing of the night-bell. On opening the door he found a damsel, who told him that she was going to a pic-nic that morning, and was out of rouge. The impudent druggist turned her off with the assurance that he hadn't the stock to cover a cheek like hers.

☞ A modern physiologist notes the extraordinary fact, that at the dinner-table, every time a man crooks his elbow his mouth opens.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

JAPANNING OLD TEA-TRAYS.—First clean them thoroughly with soap and water and a little rotten stone; then dry them by wiping and exposure at the fire. Now, get some good copal varnish, mix with it some bronzed powder, and apply with a brush to the denuded parts. After which, set the tea tray in an oven at a heat of 212 or 300 degrees until the varnish is dry. Two coats will make it equal to new.

TO COLOR WITH PURSLANE.—A correspondent of the American Agriculturist, "M. G.," gives the following directions for coloring with the common weed purslane, (*Portulaca oleracea.*) Boil one bushel of the green plant for three hours in a copper or brass vessel. Strain out the liquor and add to it 1 pound of logwood chips previously soaked, or as much extract of logwood as equals a pound of the chips, and ¼ pound of alum. Wet 5 pounds of the goods to be dyed, place them in the mixture and expose to moderate heat for three hours; while simmering, occasionally rinse the goods out of the dye and expose to the air. The resulting color will be a light bluish purple.

TO POLISH PATENT LEATHER ABOUT CARRIAGES, &c.—W. C. Hart, Orange Co., New York, writes to the American Agriculturist as follows: "The 'dash' and bodies of wagons covered with patent leather, and parts of harness of the same, as blinders, saddle, etc., may be polished by taking sweet oil and applying it with a soft piece of muslin; after well oiling let it remain for a few hours, then take a piece of muslin that it soft and pliable, and polish by rubbing. It will look as well as new, and will repay the trouble.

PICKLED BEANS.—Procure young ones from the late crop; boil them in water, slightly salted, till tender; throw them in a colander with dish over to drain: when done dripping, lay them out on a dry cloth and wipe. Pour boiling vinegar, spiced, over them, and you have an excellent pickle. These are delicate for tea.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Wash and boil 1 bushel tomatoes. When soft, pass the whole through a colander, mashing the mass till it has ceased to drip. There will be about 11 quarts of juice. Put this in a china-lined kettle, and add 4 tablespoonsful salt, 2 do. allspice, 3 do. ground mustard, 1½ teaspoonful ground black pepper, 1 do. cayenne. Boil this two hours at least; if you wish it thick, three or four hours. Bottle, putting a little sweet oil on the top of each, to exclude air. Seal, and it is ready for use in two weeks—is better in two years.

TO PICKLE GREEN TOMATOES.—Slice 1 peck green tomatoes; take 1 gallon vinegar, 6 tablespoonfuls whole cloves, 4 of allspice, 2 of salt, 1 of mace, 1 of cayenne pepper; boil the vinegar and spices ten minutes; put in the tomatoes and boil all together ½ hour longer; when cold, put in jars. There is no nicer pickle.

A Hint on Carpets.

Of all the expensive things in a modern English house of the ordinary class perhaps carpets are the dearest. In case of removal they become almost useless, and have to be sacrificed at any price that can be got for them, because having been cut and measured for one room, perhaps of a peculiar shape, they are useless in any other; for if the pattern could be matched, which it often cannot, a bit of bran new carpet sewn on to a bit not so new would be out of harmony, and tell a story which the pride of poverty would rather were concealed. The Persian and Turkish system of carpeting rooms is infinitely better and prettier than ours. The Persian carpets, especially those from Resht, are exquisitely beautiful. Their colors are brighter, the designs prettier, and they are far more durable than European carpets. They are made in strips usually between two and three yards long, and about one yard in breadth, to go round the sides of a room, with a square carpet of any size preferred for the centre. They do not require to be nailed or fitted, and a sufficient number of them will of course carpet any room, however large or small. They have a very rich and grand appearance too. In summer they are easily taken up, beaten, rolled and put aside by a single man-servant; and in the hot weather why should we not more generally imitate Continental custom by painting or polishing our floors? Floors painted or polished look far prettier in July sunshine than any carpets, which are then mere fusty traps to catch dust, harbor insects, and retain bad smells. Everything has its use and its seasons. The use and the season of carpets are not in the summer-time. Where it is impossible to paint or to polish the floors of a house, the employment of oil-cloth will be found good economy in summer, and far cleaner. Oil-cloth, too, of charming patterns, may now be bought very cheaply, and it keeps a room delightfully cool and fresh.—*All the Year Round.*

☞ Dr. Kitchener happened to be one of a company thirteen in number, and on its being remarked and pronounced unlucky, he said:—"I admit it is unlucky in one case." "What case is that, doctor?" "When there is only dinner for twelve."

AGRICULTURAL.

The Ten Commandments of Pomology.

A correspondent of the Horticulturist translates from the Prussian, for that work, the "Ten Commandments of Pomology," as written by Von Karl Fischer, of Kaaden, Bohemia, "a minister of the Gospel, and a man indefatigable in his endeavors to promote the culture of fruit trees by teaching and example." They are worthy the careful attention of all fruit growers:—

1. Thou shalt base thy faith only and exclusively on a vigorous seedling carefully raised; nor shalt thou suffer, beside it, either in thy orchard or nursery, any sucker; much less shalt thou make use of a sucker for propagation.

2. Thou shalt not call any kind of fruit tree by a wrong name.

3. Thou shalt keep a watchful eye on thy fruit trees during the time of their holidays, (winter.)

4. Thou shalt honor the parents of one fruit trees (the wild sorts) on account of their seeds, in order to raise from them long-lived, vigorous trees, for the benefit of the culture of fruit trees.

5. Thou shalt protect thy fruit trees from injury.

6. Thou shalt not propagate thy fruit trees in an unnatural way. (Suckers for stalks are against nature.)

7. Thou shalt not impoverish the ground where thy fruit trees grow, by constantly taking from them without ever giving (manure.)

8. Thou shalt not bear false witness against the culture of fruit trees.

9. Thou shalt not be immoderate nor uncautious in thy desire for new kinds and varieties of fruit trees.

10. Thou shalt not always covet nurseries in the distance to select thy fruit trees from.

PALM SUGAR.—It is said that from a species of the date palm *Phœnix sylvestris*, (Roxb.) as much as 200 pints of sap can be taken from one tree, every twelve pints of sap yielding about seven pounds of sugar and one pound of goor or syrup. Immense quantities of this sugar are made in India, and the consumption there is also very great; it is said that as much as 60,000 tons are annually made. A large proportion of this produce no doubt finds its way into this country as cane sugar, with which it is exactly similar; indeed, after refining, it is impossible to distinguish it from West India cane sugar. A small quantity, however, is imported under its true name, and it is reckoned that the palm sugar *forms* fully one twenty-fourth part of all the sugar extracted for useful purposes.

SALT AS A MANURE.—I well remember, when I was a boy about fourteen years of age, the sea broke into my father's marsh, in Lincolnshire, and it was overflowed with salt water. The next summer being dry, all our grass was burnt up, so that I was very much concerned, thinking all our grass was clear killed, indeed so it appeared. The next summer proved wet, so that towards the latter end we had some grass again, and during the third summer we had grass enough, and in the fourth and many others there was an abundance. I would have those who lay salt in their gravel walks to kill the weeds, to observe if, in a few years they do not produce more weeds than others that had no salt laid on them at all.

USEFULNESS OF EARTHING UP POTATOES.—By drawing up the earth over the potato, in sloping ridges, it is deprived of its due supply of moisture by rains; for when they fall, the water is cast into the ditches. Further, in regard to the idea, that by thus earthing up the number of tubers is increased, the effect is quite the reverse; for experience proves, that a potato placed an inch only under the surface of the earth, will produce more tubers than one planted at the depth of a foot.

CHARACTER OF A GOOD ROSE.—The London Gardener's Chronicle says that the flat, hard petaled varieties are growing out of favor. Those that have cupped petals are now fashionable. Of this class it names as the most popular English varieties, Senateur vaisse, Comptesse de Chabrillant, General Jacqueminot, Gloire de Santenary, Madame Furtado, Beauty of Waltham, Madame Vidot and Madame Rivers.

THE RIDDLER.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of three syllables.

My first is an obstruction. It belongs to music and heraldry, and is seen in silver, gold, and iron. It is also a fortification and a defence, and may be observed at the mouths of rivers and harbors, and is used by printers.

My second is a very useful insect; also, in rural districts, a social, industrial gathering.

My third belonged to the days of our ancestors, and is now seldom met with.

My whole is an entertainment on a large scale.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY JOE ROSS, JR.

My first is what most people expect for the smallest of favors.

My second is a sea lark.

My whole is a substance which now commands a very high price, and is necessary to publishers.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Scripture Enigma.

1. Who would not leave his king in his deep need?
2. What high priest's son was noted for his speed?
3. What king sent presents unto Hezekiah?
4. Who tried in vain to hinder Nehemiah?
5. What Edomite in Egypt refuge found?
6. A prophet for stern rectitude renowned;
7. The place where Samson slew one thousand men.
8. Who saved a hundred prophets in a den?
9. Where with the Amalekites did Joshua fight?
10. Who slew the priests of God within Saul's sight?
11. Who had the Gershonites beneath his hand?
12. What heathen woman died by God's command?
13. What king for kindness insult dire returned?
14. Who met the fate his cruelties had earned?
15. When Jeroboam died, who took his throne?
16. Whose hidden sin was to his master known?
17. What steward from far a wife his master brought?
18. What prophetess to hinder God's work sought?
19. Who loved her mother, but herself loved more?
20. What king's son presents to King David bore?

To those who would in God confide,
These letters joined will show,
That those who close to him abide,
In him no change shall know.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a certain tract of land in the shape of an oblong square. The sides thereof facing east and west are to the sides facing south and north as 4 is to 3. The north-eastern corner being an ash; the south-eastern corner a birch; the south-western corner a chestnut; and the north-western corner a dogwood. In looking across the tract from the ash, or north-eastern corner, I could not see any of the other corners, on account of intervening obstacles; but I noticed that a certain elm-tree was standing in range of sight with a stately fir, that was standing *beyond it.* I then went to the chestnut, on the south-western corner, and there I noticed that now, in my view, the fir was standing in a straight line right *before* the elm. Afterwards I went on the tract itself, and measured the distance between the fir and elm, and found this distance 77 perches exact; and also there found that, with respect to this measured course between these two trees, the south-eastern corner of the tract (or birch) was at a right-angle meeting said distance at the fir; and also, that the north-western corner (with its dogwood) was in the same manner at a right angle from the elm. With this, I should think, there are sufficient datas given to find the area of said tract.

DANIEL DIEFFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To find three numbers such that if each be added to the cube of their sum, the sum shall be cubes. DAVID S. HART.

Stonington, 67.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The major axis of an ellipse is 40 ch., and a line drawn from the centre making an angle of 36 degrees with the major axis, and terminating in the ellipse, is 18 ch. Required, the area and eccentricity of said ellipse. S. G. CAGROIN.

Verona, Oneida Co., N. Y.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What the Queen seldom sees; what God never sees; and what we see every day? Ans.—An equal.

☞ What is the best sign for a bad inn? Ans.—A violin (a vile inn.)

☞ When is a lady's neck not a neck? Ans.—When it is a little bear (bare.)

☞ Why is a lover like a knocker? Ans. Because is bound to a door (adore.)

☞ When is a cake not a cake? Ans.—When it is ice all over.

☞ Why is a philosopher like a looking-glass? Ans.—Because he reflects.

☞ Why do young ladies put their hair in paper? Ans.—To wake early (wake curly) in the morning.

Answers to Last.

RIDDLE—"Give me Liberty or give me Death." DOUBLE REBUS—Tennessee, Nashville, (Teheran, Etna, Neuces, Nineveh, Ekatherinoslav, Sinai, Senegal, Eel, Erie.) CHARADE—Penmanship. CHARADE—Woman.

James M. Greenwood sends the answer to his PROBLEM, published Aug. 6th:—

The faster mower cut	$20\frac{1}{4}\frac{7}{0}\frac{8}{5}$	Acres.
The other " "	$19\frac{2}{4}\frac{2}{0}\frac{7}{5}$	"
The faster mower received	$\$16\frac{8}{2}\frac{9}{7}\frac{0}{0}$	
The other " "	$\$14\frac{7}{3}\frac{8}{7}\frac{1}{0}$	

Also answered by Morgan Stevens, who has also sent answers to all the Problems of July.